

CUMBERLAND'S  
**No. 91. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.**  
 BEING A COMPANION TO  
**Cumberland's British Theatre.**

**VAN DIEMEN'S LAND:**

AN OPERATIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,  
 By W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.

Author of Giovanni in London. Monsieur Tonson.  
 The Somnambulist. Tom and Jerry, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

*With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,*

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

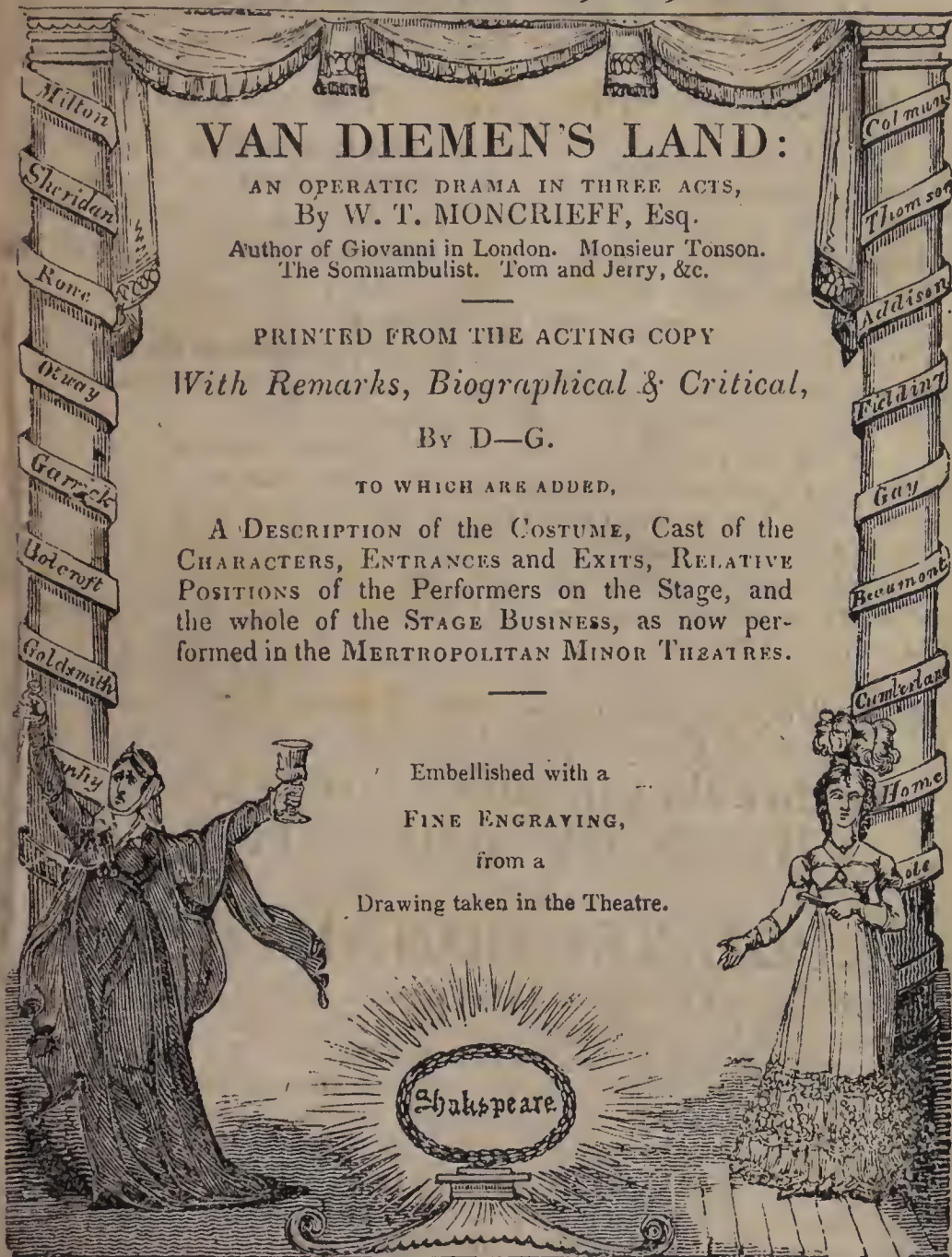
A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the  
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE  
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and  
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-  
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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from a

Drawing taken in the Theatre.



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### Van Diemen's Land.

*Agatha.* Now, then, for liberty, and a free pardon!

*Act III. Scene 2.*

# VAN DIEMEN'S LAND :

AN OPERATIC DRAMA,

En Three Acts,

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

*Author of Monsieur Tonson, Eugene Aram, Giovanni in London, Rochester,  
Tom and Jerry, The Spectre Bridegroom, Somnambulist, All at Coventry,  
Cataract of the Ganges, Shipwreck of the Medusa, Joconde, The  
Lear of Private Life, Shakspeare's Festival, Pestilence  
of Marseilles, &c.*

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PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,  
DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF  
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the  
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## REMARKS.

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### Van Diemen's Land.

JOHN KEMBLE remarked, when he heard of the brilliant success of the Botany Bay Company, that he was not at all surprised, for they had been sent there by excellent *judges*! We hope ere long these stars will revisit our hemisphere; for the stage is sadly in want of talented recruits, and we shall be happy to ship a fresh cargo in return.

We might expatiate on the flourishing condition of Van Diemen's Land; its legitimate drama; no taxes and tithes; institutions, literary, scientific, and political; and all the elegancies that distinguish the home of patriots, who have travelled for the good of their country;—but we forbear to transport our readers or ourselves by extravagant descriptions. “England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!”

We owe this drama to the circumstance of Mr. Elliston having two sons profitably settled in Australia. Feeling a natural sympathy for a spot so intimately connected with the future fortunes of his children, and perhaps a wish to keep his audiences at home, he set author, mechanist, and scene-painter at work, that the adventurous might see what toils and difficulties awaited them in this land of promise; and the merely curious reflect whether they preferred a visit, after the old English fashion, *to* the lions and tigers in the Tower, or one *from* a similar party by moonlight in a forest of bush-rangers!

Among the emigrants self-expatriated by oppression or ennui is Mr. John Hardy; who, foreseeing the destruction of England's liberties in that of Exeter 'Change, where for forty years he plied a profitable trade, packs off, bag and baggage, to Van Diemen's Land, accompanied by his son and daughter. He revels in the thought of enjoying the light of heaven, the fruits of the earth, and the springs of the ocean, free of taxation; yet his ardour is a little damped when he finds that for the latter blessing he must wait till the river overflows, when the water-company will send him a collector or two in the shape of an alligator or crocodile! The next is Mr. James Gooseberry, late of *old* Covent Garden Market, green-grocer, another victim



of modern improvement. Jemmy has brought out with him a cargo of warming-pans and stair-carpets; and, when he hears that, in a burning hot climate, the former are not in requisition, and, in houses with only one story, the latter are in little demand, he adroitly proposes to turn the one into sugar ladles, and the other into saddle-bags and hunting-breeches! Mr. Gooseberry is passionately fond of shooting and angling: the folks in Van Diemen's Land (the *bush-rangers* especially) shoot *without* a license; and gudgeons and flat-fish are caught in great abundance by the natives! Mr. Gooseberry cannot comprehend why Christmas comes in July; why green peas are not to be had till the anniversary of old Guy; why the Michaelmas goose is reprieved till March; and the Van Diemen's Land Surrey hills are on such a confined scale, as totally to exclude those picturesque objects, the King's Bench and the County Gaol! Among the newly-arrived convicts are Darby Ballylaggan, Mr. Manifold, and Mr. Sweetman.—The first, a roasting potatoe genius and fiddler from Sligo, transported by mistake; the second, a literary character of an imitative turn, and the bankers don't like plagiarism!—and the third, a gentleman with Major O'Flaherty's infirmity. We are introduced to the celebrated Hardy Vaux, of the Barrington school, whose autobiography will be found an excellent vade-mecum for the young pickpocket; and to Ikey Solomons, of Rosemary Lane, chief among the children of Israel in the *swag*, *mace*, and *fence* line.—Luckily for Ikey, he always worked under the armpits, and was never for having a drop from the stone pitcher! These, with other personages of less note, aided by pun, equivoque, song, and dance, sustain the comic part very agreeably.—The tragic will be found in the characters of Michael Howe, captain of the bush-rangers; Robin Wildgorse, a poacher; and Agatha, the early victim of his seduction. Some interest, and no little fun, are excited by the loves of Frederick Hardy and Miss White; and the nuptials of Darby with Kangaree, sister of Ben-ni-long, chief of the Broken Bay tribe, or aborigines of Van Diemen's Land; a dingy beauty, with a bushel of bullocks' horns for pin-money! Marriages, black and white, odd recognitions, and desperate battles between bush-rangers and natives, wind up the plot; and John Hardy, having had a fair taste of Van Diemen's Land, and compared it with his own, resolves to set sail with the first fair wind for England, ho!





## Costume.

GOVERNOR.—Red uniform coat,—white military trousers and boots—cocked hat.

JOHN HARDY.—Brown suit—white stockings—shoes and buckles, round broad brimmed hat.

FREDERIC.—Blue jacket—white waistcoat—nankeen trousers.

GOOSEBERRY.—Green coat, short cut tail—yellow waistcoat, green pantaloons.—*Second dress*—Drab jacket—white waistcoat and trousers.

BEN-NI-LONG.—White shirt—short trunks—brown legs and arms—scarf—Indian head dress.

FURLONG.—Blue coat—white trousers—straw hat.

BLITHE.—Blue coat—yellow waistcoat—white trousers.

DURANT.—Nankeen coat—yellow waistcoat—white trousers.

WILDGORSE.—Countryman's drab coat—red waistcoat—corduroy breeches—and blue stockings.

DARBY BALLYLAGGAN.—Countryman's coat—flowered waistcoat—drab breeches and blue stockings.

MICHAEL HOWE.—Blue jacket—strip'd shirt—drab breeches—long leather gaiters.

WHITEHEAD.—Ragged coat—red waistcoat—drab breeches.

GEARY.—Drab jacket—red waistcoat—and canvas trousers.

BOLTER.—Old blue frock coat—white trousers.

MANIFOLD.—Old black coat and pantaloons.

*Convicts, Bush-rangers, &c. ragged Dresses.*

ELIZA WHITE.—Grey stuff frock—white apron, cap, and handkerchief.—*Second Dress*.—White dress—willow bonnet and red cloak

AMELIA HARDY.—Pink dress trimmed with black silk,—hat with white flowers.—*Second dress*.—White frock trimmed with yellow—white flowers in the hair.

AGATHA.—Blue striped skirt and body—brown stuff to lace over

KANGAREE.—Indian striped dress.

BEDIA.—Indian Dress.

## Cast of the Characters

*As originally sustained at the Surrey Theatre.*

Governor of Van Diemen's Land. ....	Mr. Dibdin Pitt.
John Hardy ( <i>late Cutler, of Exeter Change</i> ).....	Mr. Williams.
Frederic ( <i>his Son</i> ).....	Mr. Warwick.
Mr. James Gooseberry ( <i>late Green Grocer in the old Covent Garden Market</i> ) .....	Mr. Valc.
Ben-ni-long ( <i>Chief of the Broken Bay Tribe, or Aboriginals of Van Diemen's Land</i> ) .....	Mr. Forrester.
Furlong ( <i>Superintendent of the Settlers</i> ).....	Mr. Almar.
Blithe ( <i>an old Settler in Van Diemen's Land</i> ). ....	Mr. Buckingham
Durant ( <i>Overseer of Mrs Vandammer's estate</i> ) ....	Mr. Gough.
Serjeant Firelock.....	Mr. Hicks.
Robin Wildgorse ( <i>a Convict Poacher</i> ).....	Mr. Rayner.
Darby Ballylaggan ( <i>an Irish Convict, transported by mistake</i> ). ....	Mr. Bryant.
Michael Howe ( <i>Captain of the Bush-Rangers</i> ) ....	Mr. Osbaldiston.
Whitehead ( <i>Lieutenant of the Bush-Rangers</i> ).....	Mr. Bruff.
Geary ( <i>a Bush-Ranger</i> ) .....	Mr. Lee.
Bolter ( <i>Settler at Hobart's Town</i> ).....	Mr. Honor.
Scapetrap..... ditto.....	Mr. Benson.
Manifold ( <i>a Convict, newly arrived</i> ).....	Mr. Rogers.
Sweetman..... ditto.....	Mr. Webb.
Hardy Vaux ( <i>Convict, pupil in the Barrington School</i> )	Mr. Hobbs.
Ikey Solomons ( <i>from the East</i> ).....	Mr. Yardley.
Billy Slyfake.....	Mr. Asbury.
<i>Cattle Hunters, Stock-keepers, Caffres, Convict Servants, Bush- Rangers, Inhabitants, &amp;c.</i>	

Eliza White ( <i>unjustly condemned</i> ).....	Miss Somerville
Amelia Hardy ( <i>Daughter of Hardy</i> ) .....	Miss Vincent.
Agatha ( <i>Companion of Michael Howe</i> ) .....	Mrs. Egerton.
Kangaree ( <i>Sister of Ben-ni-long</i> ).....	Mrs. Vale.
Bedia ( <i>a native Woman</i> ).. ..	Miss Horton.

*Inhabitants, Convicts, Caffres, &c. &c.*

# VAN DIEMEN'S LAND!

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Port and Bay of Hobart's Town ;—Government House, —L.—the ocean in the back-ground.—SCAPETRAP, BOLTER, and other INHABITANTS of Hobart's Town, discovered waiting the arrival of vessels.*

CHORUS.—OMNES.

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AIR.—“ *Barcarole in Massaniello.* ”

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From England, see, the sails appear,  
The tide serves right—the wind blows fair!  
Now, settlers, convicts, hope and fear,  
And hither, to repent—repair!  
We welcome all, for, rogue or fool,  
'Tis we gain still!  
Van Diemen's Land is wisdom's school,  
And pay they will!  
Reform'd rogues, we, the greatest saints still make;  
Then new ones come, in all of you we'll take!

*Bol.* Aye, aye, we cannot but thrive, friends; what with rogues and fools,—convicts and settlers,—Van Diemen's Land must flourish.

*Scape.* Well, Heaven grant the next cargo of condemned live stock our mother England, sends to bless us with, may be females;—I'd fain make an honest woman of one of them—my store terribly wants a mistress.

*Bol.* And mine! pretty little innocents—they don't forget their old vocations when they come here;—the rogues still keep stealing—our hearts, eh, gentlemen?

[*guns fired without.*]

*Scape.* Those guns!—the vessels are entering the bay. And here's the Governor; now we shall know all about them.

*Enter* GOVERNOR, L.

*Gov.* Gentlemen residents, I have the pleasure to announce to you the arrival of two vessels, the Turtle Dove Transport, Vice Admiral Lillywhite, with a cargo of convicts from Cove Sidney; and the Swallow Cutter, Captain Pigeon, with a party of settlers from the Thames! so now's the time to supply all your wants;—servants or stores, we shall be able, no doubt, to suit you with both.

*Scape.* I don't care how soon they're here, Governor,—I want a few hands on my plantation terribly;—what sort of a lot are they?

*Gov.* All tried men, I can assure you—all men that have had a thorough conviction of their former bad courses, and are transported in the idea of serving you!—they have, all, the best of recommendations.

*Scape.* Yes, from the jury, I suppose!

*Gov.* I must to the Government-house and prepare for their coming;—make good use of your time!

[*Exit into house, R.*]

*Bol.* Aye, aye, Governor, we'll look alive, never fear;—eh! who are these?—oh, some of the fresh caught ones;—we must see what's to be picked up from them;—all's fish that comes to net in Van Diemen's Land!

*Scape.* Leave us alone for making the most of things!

*Enter* JOHN HARDY and FREDERICK, R.

*Bol.* Welcome to Van Diemen's Land, gentlemen—the finest country in the world for health, wealth, and no rent and taxes.

*Hardy.* Thank'ye, thank'ye, friends; so, here then we are at last,—a noble island, 'faith;—I breathe the air in freedom here;—how different from smoky, thankless London.

*Fred.* Yet London had its advantages, sir;—heaven grant we may not repent our leaving it.

*Hardy.* Don't tell me!—wasn't it high time to leave it, when they began to pull down Exeter Change; to dislodge a tradesman of forty years standing! To think that John Hardy, the oldest hardware-man in Exeter 'Change, should be obliged to change at last.

*Fred.* It was rather hard, I must confess, sir.

*Hardy.* Ah! it was a sad cut-up to the cutlers, the removal of the 'Change. But where is our neighbour and fellow adventurer, Mr. Gooseberry?



*Fred.* Attending to my sister and his merchandize, sir.

*Hardy.* Hum ! the only wise thing he ever did in his life, was coming here with us ; he wishes to settle, he says—doubly settle ;—would fain have a plantation and marry your sister ;—I must see a little more of him before that's settled, though. But here he comes, goods and all ! Well, I will forth and look about me awhile.

[*Exit, R.*

*Fred.* [*looking out.*] I see no signs of Eliza,—unfortunate girl !—yet they said we must meet here ;—surely I could not have been deceived in my intelligence !—I must enquire further ; this is a favourable opportunity—let me embrace it.

[*Exit, L.*

*Enter JEMMY GOOSEBERRY, AMELIA, and SAILORS, with packages, L.*

*Goose.* This way, Miss Mely, this way ; take care of the baggage, my boys,—mind the packages—bring them along carefully ;—thank heaven we're here at last ;—I began to get quite sick of the sea, though I wasn't seasick. You're looking all the stouter for being on terra-firma, Miss Mely !

*Amelia.* Yes, I couldn't have lived another week on the water, Mr. Gooseberry.

*Goose.* Very weakly living on the water, certainly—didn't suit me—I was forced to take a little brandy with it,—kept up my spirits that way. Oh ! these are some of the Van Diemen Land-ers in propria, I suppose ; I must curry favour with them, as we're going to be of a kidney. How are you all, gentlemen—how are you ?—come to make one amongst you, my boys. Hope they'll soon make the grants—I'm quite longing to become a landed proprietor : five hundred acres !—it would make me lord of the manor in England. I trust there'll be a preserve or two on the grounds, that I may have a pop at the partridges, for I'm rather fond of game.

*Bol.* We find plenty of game here, squire, and pluck it too.

[*aside.*

*Goose.* They shoot without a licence here, don't they ?

*Scape.* Oh, yes. the natives and bush-rangers especially.

*Goose.* I shan't mind if there's a trout-stream along with the preserves ;—I'm a good one at fishing—I can tickle a trout :—ever catch any fresh water fish here, eh ?

*Bol.* A few gudgeons now and then, and sometimes a flat fish !

*Goose.* Hum !—but come, let me show off the goods

that I've brought with me, and then the Governor can show off his goods, or his bads rather, for I question if convicts can be called goods; but, as I'm going to open shop here in the general line, I ought to advertise—give 'em my card; I believe that's generally done;—well, I must be my own mouth-piece: in the first place, gentlemen, I have the honour to be James Gooseberry, late Green-grocer in Covent Garden.

*Bol.* [*aside.*] Green enough, apparently.

*Goose.* But to come to the business in hand, as my friend, Bob Sykes, at the Cheshire Cheese, advised me not to come here without bringing a few stores along with me to dispose of, gentlemen, why I've taken his advice, and brought some, that's all.

*Bol.* What are they?

*Goose.* I thought you'd be anxious;—why, in the first place, I've brought you a prime lot of warming-pans. Shew one, Jack. [*one is held up.*]

*Omnes.* Warming-pans!—ha! ha! ha! hah!

*Goose.* Ha! ha! ha! hah! why what are you all laughing at!—I'm sure there can't be better ones!

*Bol.* Excuse us, squire, but you're likely to burn your fingers with them;—we've not much call for warming-pans, you see—because why?—sheets are shy, and we've never any winter here!

*Goose.* Oh, the devil!—curse that Bob Sykes!—well, I must turn 'em into wholesale sugar ladles, and ship 'em off to Jamaica, that's all I know about it—but I've more than one string to my bow. If the warming-pans won't suit you, I've a few rolls of stair-carpeting, that will, or the devil's in it.

*Bol.* Stair-carpeting!—why that's better still—ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Goose.* What won't that do?—why then I've put my foot in it, it seems!

*Bol.* You havn't shown your understanding there, certainly, squire.

*Goose.* Why not?

*Scape.* Stair-carpeting, when we've no stairs!—all ground floors—only one story!

*Goose.* Hum!—only one story!—that cursed Bob Sykes told me another story.—Ground floors!—I'm floored myself;—well, I must make saddle bags and hunting breeches of them;—rather unfortunate in my selection so far, certainly;—then, perhaps, my piano-fortes are no use?—they're all grand ones.

*Bol.* Piano-fortes !—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! no use at all, squire, unless they're self-playing ones, or you've brought somebody to play 'em.

*Goose.* I've only brought Miss Mely—she can play on them ;—'gad, I begin to think I've been play'd on myself—that cursed Bob Sykes !—I can teach you the gamut.

*Bol.* We knows the gammon perfectly well, squire. If you'll take out their insides and sell 'em us for corner cupboards, now, we'll say something to you ! but they're no use for any thing else.

*Goose.* The fellows have no music in their souls. But you burn candles, certainly ;—what say you to a few pairs of snuffers ?

*Bol.* Snuffers !—lord bless you, the bats always snuff our candles for us, squire.

*Goose.* I'll try 'em no more,—the bats beat me ;—eh ! who's this ?

*Enter GOVERNOR from house.*

*Gov.* Now then, gentlemen, the convicts are approaching for your inspection ;—make your choice at once—there's plenty.—You can have them for either a single or a double apprenticeship—seven or fourteen years, which you will ; nay, there are some that come here to serve you for life. Provide yourselves with servants while you can—you may not have another opportunity for some time !

*Amelia.* Convicts for servants ! dear me, how particularly horrid !

*Goose.* Hurrah ! here they come,—I'll hire one of them, at all events.

*Enter ROBIN WILDGORSE, DARBY BALLYLAGGAN, SOLOMON SWEETMAN, MANIFOLD, and other convicts, escorted by Soldiers and Serjeant. L.*

CHORUS.—OMNES.

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AIR.—“ *Market Chorus in Massaniello.*”

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The market's open, now's your time,  
Come pick and choose and never fear ;  
The choicest rogues of Britain's clime  
Transported are to serve you here !



Here York horsedealers you may view ;  
 From Cheapside, shopmen you may see ,  
 And married men from Ireland too,  
 With each of spouses two or three.  
 Here's money-makers from the Mint ;  
 Men-slaughterers, right down hearts of steel,  
 And others—you will take the hint—  
 In haberdashery that deal.  
 Here's imitators from the Bank—  
 House-agents—practis'd far and near—  
 Here's rogues, in short, of every rank,  
 Come pick and choose, there's plenty here.

*Gov.* Now then, gentlemen, please yourselves;—stand regular, you rogues.

*Goose.* Very questionable looking fellows—I'll question two or three of them, that I may find out which will answer before I make up my mind.

*Gov.* They'll bear examination.

*Wild.* [*aside.*] Aye, and cross-examination, or we've all been to the Old Bailey to very little purpose.

*Amelia.* What a horrid looking set of men ! [*aside.*]

*Goose.* I'll commence at once. Now then, what were you sent here for, my good fellow ? [*to Sweetman.*]

*Sweet.* If you must know, I was sent here for being a dangerous character——

*Goose.* A dangerous character!—I'll have nothing to do with you, then— [*to Sweetman.*]

*Sweet.* That is, among the ladies;—they would be marrying me, you see, four or five of them! and so the nation got jealous and sent me here.

*Goose.* A little bit of polly-bigamy ;—four or five! a dangerous character indeed!—He may be getting hold of Miss Mely,—I'll cut his acquaintance at once;—here's another—I'll have a touch at him. What brings you here, friend ? [*to Manifold.*]

*Mani.* Me?—oh I'm no common character, I can tell you that—I was sent here for being a little too literary ; that is, they suspected I was fond of imitating other people's writings, and the bankers don't like plagiarism.

*Goose.* Hum! an Old Bailey underwriter!—forgery on a small scale ;—his policy won't suit me. Who's this fellow with the sprig of green in his hat?—he seems more like a fool than a knave;—he perhaps may suit me—I'll try him!

*Darby.* A master looking at me—a customer, perhaps ; fait I hope we'll do business together ; sure he



won't get a rare bargain in myself, Mr. Darby Ballylaggan.

*Goose.* [*to Darby.*] What did *you* get your mittimus here for, sirrah?

*Darby.* Fait, sir, for no good.

*Goose.* Well, that's honest, however; for what bad then?

*Darby.* For no bad neither, master; only just for accident's sake, sir, that's all!

*Goose.* Accident!

*Darby.* Yes, sir, I found a parcel of notes one day, sir!

*Goose.* That was lucky, however!

*Darby.* Not so lucky, sir, for they were all forged, bad luck to 'em—that is, they wern't made by the proper persons, sir.

*Goose.* That was rather unlucky, certainly.

*Darby.* Not so unlucky, sir, for I passed them all easy enough for the matter of that.

*Goose.* Well, you were lucky there, at all events.

*Darby.* Not so lucky, sir, for they took me up for passing them;—clapped me into the Old Bailey, a new place to me, sir;—fait, but I wish I had passed them when I first saw them, and then I'd never have walked all the way here. By the powers but I'd a squeak for it, for a man in a wig said I was to be hanged, the spalpeen!

*Goose.* Well, the deuce is in it if that wasn't unlucky.

*Darby.* Not a bit of it, for they didn't hang me at all, sir; but sent me here instead, where, may-be, I'll be hired by your honour, and sure that won't be lucky, or may I never drink whiskey again!

*Goose.* I must have him. [*aside.*]

*Darby.* I'm hired—I see it, without his opening his mouth. It's every word of it true, your honour, as sure as my name's Darby Ballylaggan, and all Sligo knows that same.

# SONG.—DARBY.

## AIR.—“*Gramachree.*”

As I was walking down Cheapside,  
I found some notes, sir, *pat*,  
If they were good or bad I tried  
And they tried me for that

When soon the judge said, muttering,—  
 A black cap on his head,—  
 I guilty was of *uttering*,  
 Though deuce a word I said !

*Goose.* Darby Ballylaggan, you're the man for my money.

*Darby.* Then, fait, sir, I hope I'll have a little of it when I deserve it.

*Goose.* What can you do ?

*Darby.* By the powers, sir, just any thing ;—all sorts of household work, and play the fiddle—gardening and distilling whiskey—dancing, that is, jigs, sir,—and drinking it ;—the manual exercise and waiting on a lady—pig-driving, and singing psalms, and, to conclude, lastly, sir, roasting potatoes and other accomplishments.

*Goose.* I'll have you, Darby—I'm very fond of roasted potatoes ;—come this way and you shall be registered to me at once, then we'll go and range the fields together.

*Darby.* That we will beautifully, sir, never fear,—oh, we two will make a charming couple !

DUET.—GOOSEBERRY and DARBY.

---

AIR.—“ *Together let us range the fields.* ”

---

Together let us range the fields,  
 And taste the best the island yields ;  
 Fish, flesh, and fruit, we'll feast our fill,  
 And let the devil take the bill !

[*Exeunt Gooseberry and Darby into house, R.*]

*Enter HARDY, R.*

*Hardy.* The convicts here !—'tis time I chose ; surely there must be some one more sinned against than sinning, in this crew ;—this country-looking fellow—his rustic habit should not cloak much guilt. How now, fellow ?

*Wild.* [*aside.*] That voice !—Old Hardy as I live. Retributive justice ! that we should thus meet here ;—ah ! if he knew---

*Hardy.* What makes you a visitor to this place, sirrah ?

*Wild.* A trifle : I found venison cheaper than mutton, and game more reasonable than poultry !—I was a good shot, and the Parsons didn't like me.

*Hardy.* Hum ! a poacher'—Another victim of aristo-

cratic avarice, and over-weening power!—I'll hire this fellow;—these poachers can turn their hands to any thing!

*Wild.* You'll find nothing comes amiss to me—I soon pick up any thing. [*significantly.*]

*Hardy.* What is a hare—a pheasant!—

*Wild.* Quite natural, warn't it, sir?—I thought so. He does not recognize me. [*aside.*]

*Hardy.* Your name, good fellow?

*Wild.* Wildgorse—Robin Wildgorse, from Rippon, Hackfall Oaks!

*Hardy.* You come far north, indeed!

*Wild.* Right,—though many mightn't think so, by my being here.

*Hardy.* I take you into my service, Robin—serve me faithfully, and I will compensate you for the injustice of the world;—betray me, and you had better have perished on the scaffold!—Old John Hardy never forgives, never forgets an injury!

*Wild.* I'll take care of your property, never fear, sir.

*Gov.* Charming island this, friends!—you have all the privileges of the mother country here!—freedom of the press, magna charta, bill of rights, and glorious trial by jury! [*to convicts.*]

*Sweet.* That's no recommendation, Governor—we've had quite enough of trial by jury at home—we don't want any more of it here!

*Mani.* I've only one unpleasant thing in coming here, for my part, and that is I shall find my wife here!—I asked them as a favour to hang me instead, but they said my case wouldn't admit of any mitigation of punishment!

*Enter GOOSEBERRY and DARBY from Government House.*

*Goose.* There, all's settled—Darby and I are made master and man, safe enough!—now, if you've fixed on any body, friend Hardy, for your Local-Tenant, and Valley-de-Shamble, you'd better go in and have him indentured to you at once, for here'll be the Superintendant coming directly, to allot us out our several grants of land, and accompany us to our different estates; that done, then for another estate—the blessed state of matrimony!—eh, Miss Mely?—and then all's settled!

*Amelia.* Lord! Mr. Gooseberry!—you have the oddest ideas!

*Goose.* Well, well, we won't quarrel about that, Miss Mely;—but, zounds! where's Fred?—eh! here he comes. Why Fred! [*Enter FREDERIC, P. S.*] you look as down in the mouth as a convolvulus!—ah! havn't got your sweetheart here;—you should have come provided as I did—eh, Miss Mely? But if you only look sharp about you, you'll be sure to find some old acquaintance here.

*Hardy.* [*sternly.*] How, sir?—would you have him mate with guilt!—become companion to a convict?—My curse be on him! should he thus disgrace himself and me!—For shame! for shame, sir!—from you I looked for better counsel!

*Goose.* But when it's Hobson's choice, friend Hardy?

*Fred.* [*to Hardy.*] All are not guilty, though convicted, sir!—too many suffer for the crimes of others, and—

*Hardy.* No more, no more! espouse an outcast's cause, you are an outcast from my house and heart for ever!—you know I am inflexible.—Follow me, sir!—'tis time this conversation closed! Now, convict Wildgorse!

*Wild.* I know my name, sir,—I cannot have a worse, do what I will—let them beware, then. [*aside*]

*Fred.* I have obtained intelligence—unhappy girl! [*aside.*]

[*Exeunt Hardy, Frederic, and Wildgorse into Government House, R.*]

*Goose.* Ulloa!—why what the deuce is the matter with your father, Miss Mely?—that he's so plaguey cross-grained all of a sudden!

*Amelia.* Have you not heard of Eliza White, an unfortunate orphan, reduced by adverse fate to be the servant of our family;—a robbery was committed in our house—she was tried, condemned, and sentenced hither. My father fears her meeting with my brother, who was not proof to her attractions!—this will account for his abruptness, his asperity—

*Goose.* Very touching, indeed!—I feel for all the world just as if my head was a watering-pot,—I'm ready to run out at both eyes for sheer sympathy:—but they return—don't be afraid of me, Miss Mely,—mum's the word with me—I shan't blab;—that sly rogue Fred, with his Miss White—no wonder old Hardy looked so black!



*Enter HARDY, FREDERIC, and WILDGORSE from House.*

*Gov.* Well, Master Hardy, have you settled your bargain?

*Hardy.* All is concluded, sir.

*Wild.* Yes, he has hired me,—has got one who can set a snare—jump a fence—wrestle a fall—handle a cudgel—track a booty—trick a keeper, aye, and bring down a buck with any body!

*Gov.* This arranged, gentlemen, Mr. Furlong, the Superintendant of the settlers to the colony, shall accompany you up the island;—I presume most of you have brought your houses with you.

*Goose.* Yes, sir, our's are all ready made—I wish they were ready furnished as well;—they're bringing my things on shore now. As I'm thinking of getting married soon, I've brought a few head of horned-cattle with me—a choice of seeds for my nursery—a cradle, and a little music, though perhaps I mayn't want that;—some Southdowns, a Rumpford grate, and a bumble-puppy board!

*Gov.* If any of you gentlemen should wish to proceed further on to the Swan River, there's the Charles the Tenth hulk, and the Napoleon transport lying in the bay,—they're bound direct, and will no doubt be glad of a customer!

*Goose.* Swan River!—no, no, I'm not such a goose as to sink my capital in the Swan River, though they do say it's a capital spec.—I won't make ducks and drakes of my money there!

*Enter FURLONG, from house, R.*

*Fur.* Now, gentlemen, are you all ready?

*Gov.* Oh, here's Mr. Furlong, gentlemen, and as you've got some distance to go, and day's advancing, I'd advise you to be stirring.

*Bol.* Wish you luck, brother settlers;—let us see you when you come back.

*Goose.* [*to convicts, who are taking up luggage by direction of Governor.*] Look alive, Darby.

*Darby.* I'm awake, sir.

*Wild.* [*aside.*] I'll not be sleeping long!

*Goose.* Now, then, Miss Mely—now, Master Hardy—now, Fred,—never look so white, man,—one strain for old England, and forward's the word.

## MEDLEY CHORUS.—OMNES.

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AIR.—“*Girl I left behind me.*”

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Though, self-exiled from England's coast,  
 We part, perhaps, for ever,  
 We feel we love it still the most,  
 The farther off we sever!  
 Swan River or Van Diemen's Land,  
 Where'er the sun may find us,  
 On dearer ground we'll never stand  
 Than the land we've left behind us!

AIR.—“*Tight little Island.*”

For oh, 'tis a right little island,  
 A right little tight little island,  
 May its commerce encrease,  
 While the blessings of peace  
 Make glad every heart in our island!

[*Exeunt omnes in procession, Furlong leading the way,—Gooseberry and Amelia, Hardy and Frederic, followed by Darby and Wildgorse, Convicts with luggage, guarded by Soldiers,—Governor and Inhabitants saluting settlers off.*]

SCENE II.—*Commencement of Panoramic Tour through Van Diemen's Land; from Hobart's Town, through romantic country to Squashmoor Village;—River Derwent, and Herdsman's Cove Settlement;—Blue Hills;—Emu Bottoms, by moonlight; and Forest of Gum Trees.*

*Enter FURLONG, HARDY, FREDERIC, GOOSEBERRY, AMELIA, DARBY, WILDGORSE, CONVICTS, and SERJEANT and SOLDIERS, R.—in the same order as at the conclusion of previous scene.*

*Fur.* Now, gentlemen settlers, five miles further and we reach Squashmoor—a very pleasant village in fine weather, I can assure you:—there we can halt awhile, and send a detachment forward to Swampum, our place of destination, to prepare for our arrival, and make matters comfortable; for though you leave a land of enjoyments, gentlemen, you'll find there's still some enjoyments left here, if you'll only look after them.

*Goose.* I can enjoy myself any where—especially with this beautiful scenery; so on with you, my boys,—come, my dear Miss Mely.

## CHORUS.—OMNES.

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AIR.—“ *Thady you Gander.*”

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Oh, 'tissweet to think in Van Diemen's Land,  
 We are sure to find something still that is dear;  
 And that though we are far from our native strand,  
 We are not obliged to be stranded here.  
 The stomach accustomed to mutton and beef  
 Cannot live upon bread and potatoes alone;  
 But with veal and with lamb will procure the relief,  
 That can only with veal and with lamb be known.  
 Oh, 'tis sweet to think, &c.

[*The party continue their route—Panorama continues ;—series of highly picturesque views, leading to*

SCENE III.—*Village of Squashmoor, and Hemp Plantations ;—Mrs. Vandammer's Hut, R.— and grounds on one side—Blithe's Hut, R.— and grounds on the other ;—hemp-plantations in the back ground.—Blithe, Hardy Vaux, Bill Soames, Ikey Solomons, and Convicts enter.*

## CHORUS.—OMNES.

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AIR.—“ *Sing tantarantara, rogues all, &c.*”

---

Ne'er droop, brother convicts, but keep up the ball  
 For in court, or in cottage, in hovel or hall,  
 Mankind, as occasion permits, are rogues all,  
 Sing tantarantara, rogues all, &c.

Let moralists gravely declaim against vice,  
 But the man was ne'er born that hadn't his price—  
 Opportunity makes us all rogues in a trice,  
 Sing tantarantara, rogues all, &c.

*Enter BLITHE from hut, R.*

*Blithe.* That's right, my boys, sing away—the more the merrier ; some birds sing all the best at the sight of the bars, but there are other birds that sing best when the bars are out of sight.

*Vaux.* Ah, goal birds, I suppose you mean ?

*Blithe.* Mean no offence, only exert yourselves, you're sure to get on. Hasn't that cut-away, Tom Gore, who was sent here for manslaughter, become the first doctor in the place ?—and isn't Nick Bruff, who has been tried

at every bar in England, isn't he now the greatest lawyer we have?

*Vaux.* Practice makes perfect!

*Blithe.* I don't care what a man is, so long as he isn't a gentleman. A cobbler's worth twenty gentlemen,—the ast I had said he couldn't turn his hand to any thing but literature, so as we'd no literature here, I was obliged to set him to carry the wash to the pigs, and he was hardly fit for that;—but I must go and see that your dinner is got ready—there's no working well on an empty stomach;—unlike my neighbour there, I'd win your hearts with kindness, not with the coal river: so enjoy yourselves, boys.

[*Exit into hut, R.*

*Vaux.* We might have fallen into worse hands than Master Blithe's, gentlemen;—he knows the world—has seen life—understands things,—perhaps has been transported himself in his time;—ah, there's nothing like experience. What's the difference between our situations now, and our masters, the settlers?—except that we're transported here with more justice than they are;—we come here for our sins, and they for their misfortunes;—they come here at their own expence, we at the government's;—they run all the risk—we share all the profit. I never worked so hard for my dinner as when I was obliged to steal it: depend upon it roguery's an unprofitable calling!

*Ikey.* Not always;—mine vas a profitable calling enough if they vould but have let me continued in it! I had as pretty a crib in the mace and fence line, as any in all Rosemary Lane,—used to speak to twenty parcels of swag a day, and do business vith them all; till they laid hold of me, and booked me for seven pen'north;—lucky I always worked under the arm pits, or it might have been worse, but I vas never for having a drop from the stone pitcher!

[*dinner bell rings without.*

*Vaux.* Hey! there goes the dinner bell; now then, at least for an hour's refreshment and recreation;—let's welcome it with our customary capers—the convicts gallopade, gentlemen;—we figured in it when we were more fettered in our movements, and musn't neglect it now that we're taking steps to lighten our hearts and sharpen our appetites, and have no tread mill to supply its place—so start off, my boys!

[*Convict Gallopade.—At the end of which, exeunt omnes.*



*Enter ELIZA, from Mrs. Vandammer's Hut, L.— watching them off.*

*Eliza.* Happy insensibility!—convicted, banished as they are, still does their hour of rest bring joy to them;—but I have no such refuge—there is no rest nor joy for me! Wretched Eliza!—what solace is there now for thee on earth?—the consciousness of innocence!—yes, that should support me;—but, despite its powerful influence, I sadden, sicken, droop, despair!—surely, surely, I am but too severely tried! and I was once so happy!

*Enter DURANT, from Mrs. Vandammer's, L.*

*Dur.* What's this, evermore idling, sculking, girl?—to work, to work—do you think we keep you here to neglect your duty thus?

*Eliza.* Do I not labour incessantly—beyond my strength—beyond my right?

*Dur.* Don't tell me!—I have long suspected your intentions, madam! One of these days you mean to leave us, to give us all the slip; to join that fellow Michael Howe, perchance.

*Eliza.* Conscious of right, I do not fear your malice, sir! [weeps.]

*Dur.* If you have nothing else to do but weep, why don't you work?—but I'll go and set Mother Vandammer on you, she's got more tongue than I have—I always get so plaguey dry when I begin talking;—I must off and wash my throat down with a little brandy, as it is. Beware, girl! [Exit into hut, R.]

*Eliza.* Merciless brute!—when will my persecutions cease? I've but one friend left me—that's a sure one!—death!—yes, death!—Oh, Frederic and I had hoped to live, love, for thy sake! [turns aside despondingly.]

*Enter BLITHE, R.*

*Blithe.* There, I've left them all comfortable;—eh! who have we here?—my termagant neighbour, Mrs. Vandammer's wench;—crying as usual!—poor girl! poor girl! Nay, pine not thus, lass, pine not thus;—cheer up—you're not the first that's committed a little error in your young days.

*Eliza.* Ah, sir, though condemned, disgraced, and punished, 'tis undeservedly, believe me; I am innocent! indeed I am! howe'er appearances may be against me!

*Blithe.* I do believe you;—you wear not the hardi-

hood of guilt. I would serve you, knew I but the way ;—could I buy off your term of servitude to my harsh neighbour, your fate should be less hard !

*Eliza.* May heaven for ever bless you, sir !

*Blithe.* What brought you here ?—disclose your story freely, and count on my protection !

*Eliza.* You are too good, sir. Early an orphan, servitude was my sole resource against the miseries of privation ! Received into a tradesman's family, I laboured cheerfully—I served him faithfully !—all was content and pleasure, until, unhappily, my master's son—spare my confusion, sir——

*Blithe.* Oh, oh, a little love affair, I thought as much ;—whenever there's mischief, little Cupid is sure to be concerned in some way or other.

*Eliza.* My master gave me notice of dismissal : just at this period,—one Sunday night,—the family were all at chapel—the house left wholly in my charge ;—I had imprudently stolen out to see a dying aunt—'twas but for one short hour ;—when I returned, I found, with horror ! the house had been broke open ! the drawers had been stripped, and no trace left to mark the plunderers.

*Blithe.* That was indeed unfortunate !—you should not have left the house—should not have neglected your trust.

*Eliza.* I know 'twas wrong, but I have dearly suffered !—Suspicion fell upon me—my trunks were searched, and, by what chance I know not, part of the stolen property was found in them !—The hour of trial came—I had no friend to speak for me—no gold to fee assistance !—let me be brief,—convicted, sentenced—my forfeit life was spared, to end in misery and exile here !

*Blithe.* Poor girl !—poor girl !—'tis a sad tale, indeed ; yet, do not quite despair—hope still for happier times !—some kind chance yet may turn up in your favour, and manifest your innocence.

*Eliza.* Alas ! I fear not !—the villains took their measures but too surely !

AIR.—ELIZA.

“ *Eveleen's Bower.* ”

Oh, dark was the hour, when in villainy's power,

Ifell, for the robbers in secrecy came ;

The moon threw no light on their footsteps that night,

But left poor Eliza to bear all the blame !

The runners came fast, the fell sentence was past,  
 And though many a fact prov'd my innocence plain;  
 Yet, transported to toil, here, in Van Diemen's Isle,  
 Nought on earth can my character clear up again!

*Blithe.* Well, well, come what come may;—in me  
 you'll find a friend—on that rely;—farewell!

[*Exit, R.*

*Eliza.* Generous, worthy man!—but vain will be  
 his efforts;—there is no hope for me!—Oh! Frederic!  
 Frederic! could you but know your loved Eliza's suffer-  
 ings, what would be your anguish!—'tis well you do  
 not;—you did not deem me guilty—there is some joy in  
 that.

*Enter FREDERIC, R.*

*Fred.* I have stolen on before them, in hopes kind  
 chance may haply throw Eliza in my path;—they said  
 that she was stationed near this spot!—Much wronged,  
 hapless girl!

*Eliza.* That voice!—gracious heavens! can it be  
 Frederic?

*Fred.* My dear my long lost, persecuted love!

[*they embrace.*

*Eliza.* Generous faithful youth!—but how is this?—  
 you here!—surely no fatal chance—

*Fred.* No, no, only transported, love, at seeing you.  
 I am self-exiled here:—'tis a blest hour for me my  
 coming hither, since it has led me to Eliza's arms!—We  
 must prize well the moments;—my father comes—where  
 can we meet at eve? for I have much to say.

*Eliza.* I serve on this plantation, and will be waiting  
 in the neighbouring wood at sunset;—enquire for the  
 Witch Oak.

*Fred.* I will not fail to be there;—we settle in the  
 village nearest this.

*Enter DURANT, L.—unobserved.*

*Dur.* [*aside.*] What's this?—Mrs. Vandammer's sus-  
 picions were correct, then;—I must watch this girl.

*Fred.* Be punctual, dearest girl, and, at all hazards,  
 love and liberty shall still be your's!

*Eliza.* Doubt not I will be waiting.

*Dur.* [*aside.*] Love and liberty her's!—I'll stop her  
 —let me hasten and secure the guard that are now scour-  
 ing the woods in search of these desperate Bushrangers

[*steals off, L.—unobserved.*



*Fred.* Our party come !—we are but just in time.

SONG.—ELIZA.

AIR.—“ *Meet me by moonlight alone.*”

I'll meet thee by moonlight alone,  
 She'll rise at the set of the sun,  
 And there you your plans can make known,  
 To foil all my judges have done.  
 Prosecutors have hearts made of flints,  
 In vain you for mercy may call,  
 But love gives his votaries hints,  
 Can puzzle all Westminster Hall.

Meet me by moonlight, &c.

Though here I'm transported for life,  
 Their malice, love, you can defeat—  
 Can make me a free happy wife,  
 And bid law and suff'ring retreat.  
 My innocence all may asperse,  
 To freedom you still can restore—  
 My sentence your love may reverse,  
 And say can a monarch do more.

Meet me by moonlight, &c.

[*Frederic kisses her and hurries her off, L.*]

*Enter FURLONG, HARDY, GOOSEBERRY, AMELIA, DARBY, WILDGORSE, Convicts, and Soldiers, R.*

*Hardy.* Oh, you are here, sir,—we missed you ;—you outstripped us ;—you were not wont, methinks, to be so nimble.

*Fred.* I wished to see the country, sir, and—

*Hardy.* Was that your only reason ?—Beware how you deceive me !—I am not to be trifled with !—should I find—but you know my sentiments !

*Fred.* [*aside.*] I'll have a few more moments with her still !—they're all engaged. [*steals off, L.*]

*Amelia.* I shall never be able, Mr. Gooseberry, to walk much further ; if this is Van Diemen's Land, I wish I'd stopped in London. No hackney coaches—no nice turn-pike roads—no pavements—no stages—no omnibusses, and no pastry-cook's shops, on the way, to get an ice in.

*Darby.* I'd like mightily to see a snug little whiskey tent, where one could get a drop of the cratur, and a few potatoe grounds, myself—if it was only to show the cultivation of the country.

*Goose.* The cattle look well ;—those bulls on the road were very promising.



*Darby.* The bulls!—beautiful!—your honour's just taken the words out of my mouth!

*Wild.* [*aside.*] A fine sporting country this: it shall be hard if Robin Wildgorse does not spring some game here soon;—'tis their turn now; well, mine will come in time.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Enter BLITHE, R.*

*Blithe.* Ulloa! what master Furlong!—some new settlers, eh?—Your servant, gentlefolks; and so you have come here to settle, gentlemen?—I wish you luck.

*Goose.* Yes, sir, I've got my house all ready, its putting up now—only want it furnished, and as no house can be furnished without a lady in it, I've come provided with her too, among the rest of the goods—hav'n't I, Miss Mely?

*Amelia.* Pray answer for yourself, Mr. Gooseberry—I've no idea of any such thing as matrimony, at present; Cupid is a very dangerous antagonist to sport with;—the foolish girl who games with him, is ever sure to lose!

*Hardy.* [*coming forward.*] You speak truly and wisely, girl,—may you profit by the caution you have given. Look well before you leap;---match not unsuitably, as some would do, for on that leap in life, depends your future misery or happiness!

*Blithe.* I should advise the young lady to marry when she can—that is, with propriety;—she musn't be too nice, for it's very disagreeable lying alone here. In our warm climate, should their couches not be otherwise occupied, single people are apt to find a snake or two, now and then, creeping in, to be their companion for the night.

*Amelia.* Lord bless me! that quite alters the case,—I'm sure I never can endure the thoughts of having a snake for a bedfellow, therefore, I'm afraid I must marry you after all, Mr. Gooseberry.

*Goose.* [*aside.*] Knew she wouldn't want forcing.

*Hardy.* Well, you shall make your own election—at least you will not bring disgrace and guilt into your father's house, as others have essayed.

*Goose.* No, no; my respectability cannot be doubted, Only enquire in Covent Garden for that! Where is it we're going to settle, Mr. Superintendant?

*Fur.* Swampum, sir.

*Goose.* Swampum!—cursed queer name;—however, we shall be happy to see you at Swampum!—shan we, Miss Mely?

*Amelia.* Lord, Mr. Gooseberry, what have I to do with it?

*Goose.* Remember the *snakes*!—*had her there.* [*aside.*

*Amelia.* Oh! dear me! I'd forgot them;—certainly, sir, extremely happy to see you indeed!

*Goose.* Have you any hunting in this Van Diemen's Land of your's, Superintendant?

*Fur.* Oh yes, sir; very capital hunting, with this peculiar advantage, that if you should happen to be too lazy to hunt the game yourself, they'll often be accommodating enough to take the trouble off your hands, and hunt you.

*Goose.* Dear me! that's very odd!—I suppose it's owing to their being in such a wild state. Every thing's in a very wild state here, sir, I suppose?

*Fur.* Oh, very;—you'll see a number of remarkable animals here;—there's the Kangaroos now, they stand on their hind legs, and have pouches in their stomachs, to carry their victuals in.

*Goose.* There's nothing very remarkable in that;—I stand on my hind legs and have a pouch in my stomach to carry my victuals in, myself. We may as well be thinking of jogging.

*Hardy.* I'm ready, sir,—come, Frederic—come, girl. Eh! where's Frederic?—Frederic! [*calls.*

*Enter FREDERIC, L.*

*Fred.* Here, sir!

*Hardy.* Again missing—beware!

*Goose.* Farewell, sir;—good-bye, my boys. Now, Miss Mely;—now then, Darby, my boy, to the Woodlands!

*Darby.* I'll be at your heels, sir.

[*Exeunt the settling party in procession as before, L. S. &c.*  
*Blithe and Convicts seeing them off.*

SCENE IV.—*Continuation of Panoramic Tour from SQUASH-MOOR VILLAGE to the SWAMPUM SETTLEMENT.—Settling party enter sing the Chorus,*

“ Oh, 'tis sweet to think in Van Diemen's Land,” &c

*and exeunt, L.— Series of Romantic views then conduct to BREAK O'DAY PLAINS;—LAKE ECHO;—EMIGRANTS' REST VILLAGE to—*

SCENE V.—SWAMPUM SETTLEMENT.—*Convicts discovered erecting hut, R.—Soldiers and Serjeant guarding and directing.*

CHORUS.—OMNES.

AIR.—*Weber's "Bridesmaid's Chorus."*

The Settlers hut that here we raise,  
No lordly roof discloses;  
Yet it has charms of higher praise,  
Here health and peace reposes.  
Ply the hammer then, and urge the nail,  
Our efforts must not fail,  
Though ours is no bed of roses.

No rent folks here are forc'd to pay,  
Their goods and all distressing;  
No taxes taking all away,  
The brokers all possessing.  
Ply the hammer then, and urge the nail,  
Our efforts must not fail,  
The destitute still blessing.

*Enter FURLONG, GOOSEBERRY, and DARBY, R.*

*Fur.* Having got your friend Hardy and his family so comfortably located, Mr. Gooseberry, we'll now see you housed.—Lucky that log hut was to be sold as it was,—all ready to the old gentleman's hand;—he may sing 'Home, sweet home!' in comfort there now. Well, Serjeant, how do your men get on?

*Serj.* Just completed, Superintendant.

*Goose.* It will do capitally!—there, my boys, there's something for the grog shop for you.

*1st Conv.* Success to your honour!

*Fur.* It's as pretty a carcase of a hut as any man need wish to clap his carcase into.

*Goose.* I'll soon do that, Mr. Furlong;—this is the country to build a house in—where you can pay your timber merchant with a bill at sight—take the trees without their leaves, and have nothing to pay for land tax!—heaven bless that Bob Sykes for persuading me to come here!

*Darby.* By the powers, master, but we'll soon give our neighbours a rare house-warming, for there's a capital wooden chimney I see! and I've set your new Rumpford stove in a nice lump of clay—that will do beautifully.



*Fur.* The government allots you, Mr. Gooseberry, five hundred acres, in equal proportions, on each side your hut; and allow me to remark, sir, you can't be more pleasantly situated;—here you are in the very heart of the Swam-pum Flats, sheltered by the Breakneck Hills;—you've Crocodile Creek on one side of you, so that you need never be in want of water; and Quagmire Meadows on the other, that you may always be able to take a pleasant walk when you wish it; and right behind you, if you're inclined to hunt or shoot, (for I think I heard you say you're fond of sporting) is Wild Beast Wood.

*Goose.* What!

*Fur.* Wild Beast Wood.

*Goose.* Wild Beast Wood!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Superintendant, but that's a very odd name;—what may it be derived from, pray?

*Fur.* Oh, merely from its inhabitants.

*Goose.* Inhabitants!—is it inhabited, then?

*Fur.* Certainly!

*Goose.* By whom?—if it isn't taking too great a liberty.

*Fur.* Oh, the lions, tigers, and such like—including a few wild boars, and a herd or two of hyænas.

*Goose.* Swallow me up!—lions—tigers—wild boars!—very great bores, indeed!

*Darby.* I'd like a few wild bulls better, master!

*Goose.* Hyænas, too!—Oh that cursed Bob Sykes!—he never said a word about them! I beg your pardon, Mr. Superintendant, I wouldn't wish to be impertinently curious, but as we're about to become such very near neighbours, would you allow me to enquire if these same inhabitants, these lions and boars that you speak of, ever go out visiting?

*Fur.* Occasionally;—they're by no means unsociable, —they take an evening stroll through the settlement every now and then,—but it's only when they're very hungry!

*Goose.* Very hungry!—eat me alive!—that villain Bob Sykes!—I suppose they're not very nice in their appetites?

*Fur.* Nice!

*Goose.* Yes, they're not very particular, whether it's *he* meat or *she* meat they eat—whichever they meet, I suppose; in fact, all's meat that comes to mouth with them, I dare say!



*Fur.* Exactly; but don't let that put you out of your way;—if they should happen to come to your store, you can always get rid of them by merely throwing them such a thing as a part of a bull—

*Darby.* Oh! fait that would be a bull!

*Fur.* Or an odd lamb or so.

*Goose.* But wouldn't that be like a general invitation?—besides, I never give my guests lamb.

*Fur.* Mutton will do as well;—they're not at all particular,—one of your Southdowns!

*Goose.* It's all up with me!—Lions! Lord bless me! I never saw a lion in my life, except in the King's arms, over the shop doors! I was going to see one once at Cross's, but he began to roar just as I got on the stairs, as much as to say, he didn't wish to see company that day, so as I didn't want to make him cross, I took the hint and came away;—there's no occasion to be unnecessarily rude, you know!

*Fur.* True, true;—but come, lads, we must return to Hobart's Town, so look alive;—farewell, my friends!

*Goose.* You're not going, are you?

*Fur.* Must;—take care of yourselves!—there's not much fear if you only go well armed, and your gun doesn't miss fire;—you're in more danger from the Bush-rangers.

*Goose.* Bush-rangers!—Lord bless me! who are they?

*Fur.* The most desperate of the desperate!—run-away convicts—out-and-out thieves!—nothing's safe from them,—stores—sheep—bullocks—any thing they can lay their hands on, all goes into the bush. Why they carried off a man's hut the other day, with him and all his family inside it!—but good-bye,—come, lads.

[*Exeunt Furlong, Serjeant, Soldiers, and Convicts, R.*]

*Goose.* Steal a man's house!—zounds! that is shop-lifting with a vengeance!—and there's no watchmen here—no sending for the constable—no coroner's inquest, if one's murdered!—I've a great mind to call them back,—ulloa, Mr.—but then it will look so;—that confounded Bob Sykes!—he never said a word about my seeing the wild beasts for nothing,—never breathed a syllable about these terrible Bush-rangers!

*Darby.* Never think about them, master;—I heard them say at Hobart's that the soldiers are beating about the bush for them, so they'll soon give a good account of them, never fear: as for the wild beasts, sure we won't dig a pit for them right before our door, the spalpleens!

*Goose.* Capital! capital!—we're not so bad off as I thought for, I see that. Well, Darby, my boy, we've got a house, now all we have to do is to stock it;—but we've no bazaars—no Farringdon Markets here!—never mind, we'll get on somehow.

DUET.—GOOSEBERRY and DARBY.

AIR —“ *Barney Brullaghan.*”

*Darby.* We've got a nice little cot,  
We only want something to put in it;

*Goose.* Soon! what a glorious lot!  
Miss Mely and I shall be shut in it!

*Darby.* Then for the blisses!

*Goose.* Be still!

*Darby.* I am!

*Goose.* We'll have gallons of whiskey!

*Darby.* The kisses!

*Goose.* Be quiet!

*Darby.* I will.

And throwing the stocking so friskey!

*Both.* Then, one day,  
There'll be a sweet pretty prattler!  
Only say,  
Who wouldn't be a settler?

*Darby.* For butler, for footman, and groom,  
To be sure you'll ne'er find Darby's fellow;  
In the pantry I'll always find room,  
And attend mighty sharp to the cellar!  
We'll get us an oven, that's clear,  
And sure we won't bake our own bread; sir;  
Some malt, too, to brew our own beer,  
And we'll live ten years after we're dead, sir!  
All the day,  
We'll dance Morgan Rattler,  
Only say,  
Who wouldn't be a settler?

*Goose.* We'll go out and shoot kangaroos,  
Their skins will make rare leather breeches;  
We'll snare the wild cats and emews,  
And revel in all sorts of riches.  
Potatoes we'll plant to our hand,  
Whene'er a sirloin we've the spit in,  
And fancy in Van Diemen's Land,  
We're again with our friends in dear Britain:

*Both.* Then, hurrah!  
Fame in her praise is a tattler  
Only say,  
Who wouldn't be a settler? [*they dance.*]

*Enter WILDGORSE, R.*

*Wild.* A ball and concert!—I beg pardon—I hope I don't intrude, gentlemen?

*Goose.* My friend Hardy's man!—oh, not at all, my good fellow, not at all!

*Wild.* Master sends his compliments, and if you've got matters a little to rights, he'd be glad if you'd step down this evening.

*Goose.* Oh, certainly!—visit your master directly, Robin;—must keep up one's circle of acquaintance—especially when it's confined to one;—it will be awkward never seeing anybody's face but one's own. You've got some game there, Robin—where might you pick it up?

*Wild.* I picked it up in the wood just behind here.

*Goose.* Wild Beast Wood!—what, did you come through the wood?

*Wild.* Aye, sure.

*Goose.* Lord bless me!—you didn't happen to meet any thing particular in your way through it, did you, Robin?

*Wild.* Rather so.

*Goose.* What was it?

*Wild.* Why I can hardly tell you,—but it were a main queer looking beast—such a one as I'd never seen before, except once at our fair.

*Goose.* Mercy on me!—what was it like?

*Wild.* Why it had great bushy hair hanging all round its face, just for all the world like a judge's wig, only it warn't powdered!—then it had large whiskers, and two great staring eyes, with a mouth that opened something like a horse's collar, and teeth like a box of dominoes!

*Goose.* This beats all!—had it nothing else?

*Wild.* Yes, a tassel at the end of its tail.

*Goose.* How particularly horrid!—Did he—say any thing, or do any thing like, my good Robin?

*Wild.* Yes, he looked at me like, and I looked at him,—but that were all, for he treated me with a deal of contempt, as it were—gave a growl, summat like a speaking trumpet, and then turned on his tail and left me;—I didn't think it worth while to make him come back again!

*Goose.* Dear me, I hope they'll always treat me with a deal of contempt if ever they meet me. If they don't turn tail on me, I'm sure I shall on them. I'm afraid I shan't be so comfortable here as I thought I should be, Robin!—that confounded Bob Sykes! As you're return

ing back, my dear Robin, I think I'll go with you;—it will be company like—not that I'm afraid !

*Wild.* Na, sir.

*Goose.* You can take one of the guns while I'm gone you know, Darby, and shoot something for supper against I come back again;—something eatable you know, Darby, for it's no shot no supper here, Darby.

*Darby.* I'll do that thing, master, unless I happen to be made supper of myself, by some of these hyenas, Superintendent spoke of;—they'll make a bit of a bull in swallowing me, though, for I'll not go down their dirty throats easily, devil choke them; so here goes for a supper, either way !

[*Exit into hut.*

*Goose.* I'll go and get the other gun myself, in case of accidents; you can just wait while I prime and load it.

[*Exit into hut.*

*Wild.* His gun!—hum!—sporting has no charms here; there be game enough, but there be no game laws to break, and it be poaching that gives venison its true flavour. Folks wouldn't care half so much for hares and pheasants if they were not obliged to go to poachers for them;—ah. if it hadn't been for poaching—yet, still a shiny night, and in the season of the year, there's no delight to equal it.

### SONG.—WILDGORSE.

AIR.—“ *Old Country Melody.*”

When I was boon apprentice

In famous Zomerzet shere,

Lauks! I zerved my meester truly

Vor neerly zeven yeer,

Until I took to powching,

As you zhall quickly heer;

Ou! 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

Ma meester voork'd me zoorly,

I didn't vatee that,

Although he groombled all the day

Whatever I woor at,

Sae long az I coold go into

The woods, amang the deer,

Ou! 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

when ma meester wanted me

To voorke by candle light;

I looked up unto the moon,

And zhe zhone vera bright.



Zo I zhow'd un a vair pear of heels

Without a bit of fear,

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

I show'd un a vair pear of heels,

And to the ale-house went,

And there a' met zome jelly lads,

On powching they were bent.

They zware me wan amang them then,

All vor a pot of beer,

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

Noo 'tis a can vire a long un,

And a zhorth un a can zell,

And zoomtimes zend a haunch unto

A vriend in town az well,

A poozle all the joostices,

And make the parzons zwear,

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

As me and ma coomerades

Were zetzing on a snare,

Lauks, the geamkeepoors caem oop to uz,

For them we did na kere,

Case we could fight or wrestle, lads,

Jump over ony where,

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

As me and ma coomerades

Were zetzing vour or vive,

And teaking on 'em oop agean,

We caught a heere alive :

We putten into the bag, ma boys,

An through the wood did zteer,

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

We popt un in the bag, ma lads,

An yoiten off vor town;

We took un to a neighbour's hoose,

And we zold un vor a crown,

We zold an vor a crown, ma lads,

But I did nat tell ye where,

Ou, 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,

In the zeazon o' the year.—Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

Then here's success to powching,  
 Vor a does think it feare,  
 And here's look to ere a gentleman  
 Az wants to buy a heere,  
 Bad look to ere a geamkeepoor,  
 Az woona zell iz deere,  
 Ou! 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

## MORAL.

Vhat made me vond of powching vurst,  
 If you vould wish to hear,  
 It was becace I vound that beef  
 And mutton were zo dear.  
 While I get geame and venzon cheap,  
 Which iz a reazon clear,  
 Ou! 'twas ma delyght, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.\*  
 Ou, 'twas ma delyght, &c.

[Exit Wildgorse, joined by Gooseberry from hut.]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Witch Oak.*—*Romantic dingle in Wild Beast Wood.*

Enter BEN-NI-LONG, *Chief of the Broken Bay Tribe*; KANGAREE, *his sister*; YEL-LO-WAY, WAR-RE-WAR, and other Caffre Natives or Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, stealing on.

SONG AND CHORUS.—KANGAREE and NATIVES.

AIR.—“*Ackee, oh !*”

Softly tread, lest white man spy,  
 Olla loo ! Olla loo !  
 Pale-face him have cunning eye,  
 Caffre man to view !

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\* The author of this drama first heard the old part of this song, sung at a small road side house, in the little village of Lillishul, Warwickshire; and was so pleased with the humour and melody of it, that he was induced to add half a dozen new verses to it; this is the first time it has appeared in a complete state.

White man come with fire in hand,  
 Seize poor Caffre's native land,  
     Wan-ge-wah!—Yen-go-nah!  
     Hunt and shoot poor Caffre!  
 Let him fear, Black man near,  
     Him take dark revenge!

Yet when sun in ocean set,  
     Olla loo! Olla loo!  
 Caffre chief him wrongs forget,  
     Dance the spear dance through.  
 Wake the music of the shield,  
 Caffre soon make pale-face yield—  
     Bot-ti-bol!—Wat-ti-wal!  
     With him warlike waddie!  
 White man fear, Black man near,  
     Him take dark revenge!

*Ben.* Aye, let the colourless strangers fear! that have usurped our plains, and would fain extirpate our race!—let them beware the Caffre's just revenge!—These white men can speak fair and promise well; but what has the dark chief ever found from them, save this?—that they have striding legs and grasping hands—have over-run our isle, and seized our all; because we wore not the same hue with them!

*Kan.* Caffres have black faces, but white hearts, but white mens faces white, their hearts black!

*Ben.* Right, girl; see to what state they have reduced the mighty Ben-ni-long?—sprung from the powerful race of Cam-mer-ray, Chief of the Broken Bay Tribe,—whose word was life and death!—What is he now?—a fugitive!—a slave!—yet, who like Ben-ni-long could throw the spear, or wield the waddie 'gainst the warrior?—who swifter in the chase or the canoe?—who wiser in the council?—woe to the pale-faced warrior, woe!

*Kan.* Yet all not bad, brother;—some white men good;—white man kind to you—give clothes—give book!

*Ben.* 'Twas but to snare! True their *Be-an-ny*, their head chief, sought me with words of peace and love!—true, at his wish, I went far over sea, to white man's lands, where their king dressed me in his warrior's dress, and gave rich gifts, then smiled on the dark chief, and bade him make his people like to them—

*Kan.* Ah, England fine country!—white lady, very fine lady—finer than black girl!—all things good in England,—all kind and generous, just and merciful, there!

*Ben.* Aye, just and merciful indeed!—What, saw the untaught savage—the wild chief there?—this saw he!—he saw the white man, his neighbour, poor!—distressed!—shut him in prison!—make him poorer still to make him pay!—he saw the white man hang white men, like dogs, for stealing food to save them from starvation! but for a wife, a daughter stolen, oh, bits of shining gold are ample recompense!

*Kan.* But pale-face way of live best,—all joy—all good!—better than Caffre's way; still white man sell wife like cow in market—tie rope round her,—that not good—Caffre no do that!

*Ben.* He is not civilized enough!—Ben-ni-long, savage as he was, found white men worse;—he left his country, what found he here, when he came back? he found the white man chief! he found his lands all seized, and he, their prince, the white man's slave! He threw off the fine clothes the white man gave him—left their gay feasts—shut ear to their smooth words—took to his native skins again—his hunter's fare—and wars 'gainst white men now, as white men warred 'gainst him!

*Kan.* They would be friends with Ben-ni-long—would have us be one people.

*Ben.* Friends!—have they not made my people liars! thieves?—before the white man came, Caffre saw nought to covet and took nought. They've taught me something—I will profit by it;—taught me to plunder and deceive;—practice will make me perfect! Keep watch here, girl, while we go forth and prowl; should aught surprise, make signal on thy shell, as fits the sister of a chief! Come, warriors—Go-ran-go-ree! Now for the white inan's stores!

[*Ben-ni-long and Natives shout the War-hoop stealthily and exeunt, R.—leaving Kangaree on guard.*]

*Kan.* I will be wakeful, brother. Ben-ni-long say true,—white man *wee-ree*!—bad, wicked!—yet all not bad,—Kangaree cannot wish all kill,—some pale-face good and kind!—better than Caffre;—pale-face take but one wife, that good—Caffre take two, that bad;—Caffre court girl with blows—beat her to make her love him, that bad;—white man court wife with gifts—make love with kiss, that good;—Kangaree be white man's wife,—she catch white man and make him marry!—eh! who come?—pale-face!—let me sound alarm!—no, no, white



girl with him!—they seem talk love! Kangaree cannot harm,—she hide in bush and hear. [*stands aside.*]

*Enter FREDERIC and ELIZA, L.*

*Fred.* Yes, my dear Eliza, I should be unworthy of your love, if I could for a moment have suspected your innocence and truth.

*Eliza.* What words can thank you?—the rigid have condemned—the timid doubted, but you believe me innocent, and that repays me all!

*Fred.* I do—I do!—thus let me prove it:—'tis partly through my father's prejudices, caused by my love for you, you owe your present loss of fame and freedom; but one way's left me to repair this wrong;—the moment a free settler weds a transport, that instant she is free herself! I love—am a fre settler—thou undeservedly a transport,—I offer thee my hand—accept it;—love and liberty are thine!

*Eliza.* But will not your father—

*Fred.* We will not directly disclose it to him, but first essay to prove your innocence;—though stern and obdurate, he is not proof 'gainst reason!—hope for the best then, and consent, love;—a minister dwells near this wood,—I have secured a license—he has consented to unite us!

SONG.—ELIZA.

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AIR.—“*Thine am I.*”

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Thine am I—thine am I, to soothe each care—

Thine, thine, ne'er more to sever!

Thine am I—thine am I, my Frederic dear,

Thine, thine, my love, for ever!

Now, no more, thy faithful heart

Shall throb, shall throb, and languish;

Though despair has wrung its core,

Love shall heal its anguish!

[*Exeunt Eliza and Frederic, R.*]

*Kan.* [*coming forward.*] Pale-faces can love then, but not like black girl—no, pale-faces' country cold, but black girl have sun in her heart—warm, warm! Ha! another white man coming!—shall I make signal?—oh, no, no, Ben-ni-long would kill! and he seems kind and gentle;—I'll hide in bush again! [*retires.*]

*Enter DARBY, L.*

*Darby.* I've sprung no game yet; neither hare, hyæna, lamb, lion, tom-tit, or tiger!—by the powers! but I think sorrow will be our only supper, in spite of all their fine tales of this same Van Diemen's Land, where we were to find the victuals ready dressed, and only waiting to be eat!

*Kan* [*aside*] Poor white man sad,—he seem unhappy—he lament;—Kangaree would give comfort, if she could!

*Darby.* Eh! something stirring in the bush!—one of those terrible hyænas, I dare say, the Superintendant spoke about! Oh, Lord!—but I'm not afraid—I'll rout the devil;—come out of that you diabolical! infernal! atrocious!—

*Kan.* [*appearing.*] Good white man, no kill poor black girl!

*Darby.* Eh! talk of the devil, and by the powers here's a *she* devil!—black, but becoming;—I must frighten her though, or we'll never be better acquainted. Yield, you most terrible Tartar!—yield, I say, or killing's the least I'll do for you!

*Kan.* Dear white man, Kangaree mean no harm indeed!

*Darby.* She's got a tongue, and what's more, a tongue like my own!

*Kan.* Iss! brother Ben-ni-long live in England—he tea h me.

*Darby.* St. Patrick! but she's the man for my money!—I'll make friends with her;—how shall I introduce myself?—I have it;—I'll do it Irish fashion;—give me a kiss, you little devil, do.

*Kan.* Ha, white man make love—always begin that way;—Kangaree cannot blush like white girl, stranger, yet she can be true as white girl. If you love Kangaree, she make you chief—run gold arrow through your nose!

*Darby.* I'm mighty obliged to you!

*Kan.* Tattoo you—make you great warrior!

*Darby.* Hum! and get my brains knocked out,—pleasant;—tattoo me!—score me like a spare rib of pork!—one might as well be barbacued at once.

*Kan.* You love Kangaree, white man! she climb gum trees, like opossum, for you---get you honey---dig yam for you---make you fern cake, and sing low sweet song, when you throw fizgig, to make fish jump in your net.

*Darby.* Here's an accomplished wife!—I'll have her; sure my being transported won't make my fortune, as it has many a man's.

*Kan.* You marry Kangaree, black man no burn your hut.

*Darby.* The *hand in hand* insurance office! Here'll be news for my master! Och! it's a bargain!--we two will be one, you most enchanting Blackey moor, we will!

DUET.—DARBY and KANGAREE.

AIR.—“ *Happy Tawny Moor.*”

*Darby.*

Pretty Blackey moor!—pretty Blackey moor! will you, love,  
Take a Paddy for your true love?

Say! don't let us delay,  
But settle all to day.

I have heard folks say the wooing

Happy is, that's quick a doing—

Then,—’tis the Irish way,—  
Be happy while you may!

*Kangaree.*

Happy Kangaree!—happy Kangaree!—will you, love,  
Though you white man, have for true love?

Play, dance with you all day,  
And sport the hours away,

Black girl never long a wooing—

Lad she love her heart pursuing,

She,—’tis the Caffre way,—  
Get marry when she may!

*Enter BEN-NI-LONG and CAFFRE WARRIORS, R.*

*Ben.* Who have we here?—a pale-face!—die!

[*raises spear.*]

*Darby.* Och! murder! be quiet wid you!

*Kan.* Hold! hold! he Kangaree's good, good,—her  
*Bood-yer-ree!*

[*interposes.*]

*Darby.* Yes, her sweetheart. What a set of fierce-looking devils!—worse than the tigers.

*Ben.* Ever more the white man! they meet us at every turn! Well, well, Ben-ni-long's sister's *Bood-yer-ree* must be the brother of her tribe, e'en though he be a white man, and of the nation of their foes. You must become a chief!—must wield our arms, and bear a title in our native tongue!

*Darby.* Here's preferment!

*Ben.* Yel-lo-way, give our new brother a spear.

D 3 [*Yel-lo-way gives long spear to Darby.*]

*Darby.* A spear is it!--by the powers, if they hadn't told me it was a spear, I'd have taken it for a spit! [*aside.*

*Ben.* You must from henceforth share in all our spoils. War-re-war, give our new brother a portion of the booty of the day! [*War-re-war gives Darby game.*

*Darby.* Eh! some birds and roots too!--here's luck for my master!—we'll have a supper any how now.[*aside.*

*Ben.* To-morrow we attack at night the stores of two new settlers, located here to-day.

*Darby.* Eh!

*Ben.* One lives near yonder creek.

*Darby.* Och, murder! that's our house!

*Ben.* Then is it sacred! Ben-ni-long preys not on his people, as some chiefs do!

*Darby.* Here's luck now!—Sure my master hasn't turned up a trump card in myself!

*Ben.* Accept this shield,—we'll then escort you to your hut—to-morrow's sun shall see you wedded to my sister.

*Darby.* The devil!—och! I'm in for it!—master will play up old gooseberry with me, may-be; though sure it won't be a good thing for him.

*Ben.* Now, swear on this sacred hatchet, to be true to us! and we will hail you chief.

*Darby.* I swear!—sure kissing the hatchet's nothing, nor throwing it neither! Och! I'll make a *keen* chief! I'm not the first that's been made a chief by the savages!

*Ben.* Derry-bo-rang-bo-roo! for by that name you will be known amongst us, or as your race would have it, Fire-destroying-white-man, chief of the Broken Bay Tribe, hail!

*Darby.* Brien Boroo of Derry, chief of the Broken Head Tribe! (I'm come to something!) is very much obliged to you all, gentlemen.

*Ben.* Greet our new brother with our customary war dance, then onwards for the night.

*Darby.* Aye, or my chiefship will have no supper!

[*Warriors dance war dance round Darby, who then exits with Kungaree—led off by Ben-ni-long, and followed by Caffres, L.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of Hardy's Log House.*

*Enter AMELIA, L.*

*Amelia.* Heigho! Mr. Gocseberry not come!—my brother absent,—my father in his usual moodyhumour!



How heavily hang the hours!—why did I ever quit delightful, lively, lovely London? Oh! England! England! we never know half thy value till we leave thee!

SONG.—AMELIA.

AIR.—“*Robin Adair.*”

Oh, what a dull spot is  
Van Diemen's Land!  
Wretched she, whose lot is  
Van Diemen's Land!  
Here are no balls—no plays—  
Nothing to pass one's days;  
Ah! tell me who can praise  
Van Diemen's Land?

Enter GOOSEBERRY, D. F.

Goose. Miss Mely, singing!

Amelia. Yes, but not for pleasure, Mr. Gooseberry.

Goose. Oh! you find yourself lonely as well as I!—  
Ah! you see we must come together.

Amelia. I don't see any such thing, sir!—I by no means want to add to my misery, I can assure you.

Goose. You forget the snakes!

Amelia. Oh! dear me! I never thought of them!

DUET.—GOOSEBERRY and AMELIA.

AIR.—“*Will you come to the Bower?*”

GOOSEBERRY.

Will you come to the hut, I have built, Miss, for you?

Only take care you do not catch cold with the dew!

Will you, will you, will you, will you, come and be wed?

Better marry than sleep, Miss, with snakes in your bed!

AMELIA.

I'll not come to your hut, Sir, howe'er you may grieve,

Till you've furnish'd it fitly a wife to receive!

No, Sir—no, Sir—no, Sir, I'll not come, I declare,

There are snakes in the grass, Sir, as well as elsewhere.

Goose. But, Miss Mely—

Amelia. Hush! my father comes.

Goose. And in the dumps, seemingly.

Amelia. If you have any thing *very particular* to say to me, you'd better come into this inner room.

*Goose.* What, you have got more than *one* room in your house, then?—you're better off than I am.

[*Exeunt Gooseberry and Amelia* L.]

*Enter HARDY, D. F.*

*Hardy.* Soh, the weary emigrant has found a resting place at last. A free-born unstained son of England, is glad to find a refuge, even in the spot she had selected as her outcasts' goal!

[*sits, L.*]

*WILDGORSE enters, D. F.*

*Wild.* Old man seems glum!—I must not appear to be observing him.

SNATCH.—WILDGORSE.

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AIR.—“*The Ram of Derby.*”

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As I was going to Derby,  
 'Twas on a market day,  
 I saw the finest sheep, sir,  
 That never was fed upon hay.  
 This sheep was fat behind, Sir,  
 This sheep was fat before—  
 I took him and didn't mind, Sir,  
 And would, had there been a score!

*Wild.* Seventy pounds at three shilling a stone, and sink the offal. Ah! there's no such things to be picked up here!—eh! old man moves!

*Hardy.* Wildgorse, is that you?

*Wild.* I be here, sir.

*Hardy.* 'Tis well;—we are settled at last, good fellow.

*Wild.* Yeas, sir.

*Hardy.* 'Tis a rude hut;—well, 'tis a free one;—we have the light of heaven here!—the fruits of earth!—the blessed springs of ocean! uncursed by an all swallowing taxation.

*Wild.* Varry true, Sir.

*Hardy.* Nothing to pay for water!

*Wild.* Na, sir, not at present, certainly; but Superintendant said if we only waited till river overflowed, there'd be plenty to pay for water then; and that as for collectors, the water company would be surc, every now and then, to send one, in the shape of an odd crocodile or alligator, to see us!

*Hardy.* Well, well, be that as it may; this, at least,

is certain ;—law does not here hold out a premium for perjury !—the villain's oath cannot, as in our mother country, strip honesty of bed and board ! Bankruptcy is no trade for hungry lawyers and convicted swindlers !—fashion usurps not here the place of talent ;—we have no dandies elbowing genius out !

*Wild.* Na, sir, there be no dandies, as you say, but there be a plaguey sight of monkees, and they be something of the same kidney, I reckon. [*knocking without.*

*Hardy.* Some one knocks,—admit them. [*Wildgorse opens door—enter FREDERIC.*] My son !—You have been wandering, sir ;—you take it easily !—absent three hours—but for this trusty fellow's care, we had gone supperless to bed !

*Fred.* Trusty fellow !—Ere I went out I caught that trusty fellow, as you style him, in our store-room, sir, —his business there, *he* best can tell !

*Wild.* I was merely looking to see if there was any vermin there.

*Fred.* There was one noxious reptile, at all events, or I am very much mistaken.

*Wild.* [*aside.*] Hum !—that noxious reptile may show his teeth, mayhap, when time shall serve !

*Fred.* My absence was not without its use, sir, if it shall, as I hope, prove but the means of rendering justice to the oppressed and innocent !

*Hardy.* What mean you, sir ?

*Fred.* Hear me with patience :—wandering through the forest, I met, alas ! one you once valued—one you trusted—one deeply wronged—unjustly punished,—one who relies upon your honour and humanity for sure redress !

*Hardy.* I'll hear no more !—I know who you would say !

*Fred.* Behold !—you will—you must, sir, listen !

*Enter ELIZA, D. F.—kneels to Hardy.*

*Hardy.* Eliza !—away ! away ! unhappy, guilty girl !

*Wild.* What do I see, that girl—discovered !—but she's no witness—there is no evidence !

*Fred.* What said you, fellow—discovered !—who ?—witness—what mean you ?

*Wild.* I—I said that—that—you'd discovered her ;—that—that there was no evidence !

*Eliza.* [*to Wildgorse.*] Oh ! if you know aught of

that fatal mystery—if you know aught that can confirm my innocence! reveal it, I conjure you!—here on my knee I ask—implore—entreat!—reveal it, I will bless, will worship you!

*Wild.* No, no, I—tell you—I cannot!—what should I know about it?

*Hardy.* You trifle, girl, with time and patience!

*Eliza.* But for one moment, sir.

AIR.—ELIZA.

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AIR.—“ *With lowly suit and plaintive ditty.*”

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With lowly suit and humble ditty,  
I call upon you, sir, to pity!  
Oh! hear my voice for justice pleading,  
Although condemn'd Guilt's pains to bear;  
See this wan cheek—these sad eyes streaming,  
That I am innocent, I swear!

*Hardy.* I can but pity, girl—you plead in vain!

*Fred.* An Englishman, and refuse a hearing, sir!

*Hardy.* Whate'er my own opinion, sir, may be, I will not so far insult twelve Englishmen, sitting in judgment on a countrywoman, as to suppose one instant they could give a verdict contrary to truth;—they have pronounced her guilty—'tis sufficient!

*Fred.* Juries are not infallible!

*Enter DURANT and SOLDIERS.*

*Dur.* Soldiers! arrest that girl! [*they advance.*] She is a run-away convict!

*Fred.* Hold!—she is no run-away convict!

*Dur.* How?

*Fred.* She is a convict no longer!—she is a FREE SETTLER'S WIFE!

*Hardy.* Your wife!—rash boy! what have you done?—disgraced!—dishonoured!—

*Fred.* Here is the certificate!—She now is as free as you are!

*Enter GOOSEBERRY and AMELIA, L.*

*Goose.* Ulloa: what the deuce is the matter here?

*Amelia.* Eliza, hapless girl!

*Goose.* Miss White!—oh, Lord!

*Fred.* Only hear me, sir!



*Hardy.* Hence from my doors!—I do renounce! disclaim you!—the husband of a convict shall be no son of mine! I am fixed!—away!—hence! hence! nor tarry for my curse!

## SESTETTO.—OMNES.

AIR.—*Original.*

*Hardy.* Away! away! stain to my name!  
*Eliza & Fred.* In pity hear!  
*Hardy.* You plead in vain!  
 Allied to guilt—thy father's shame!  
 Away! nor curse my sight again!  
*Ame. & Goose.* Relent, dear sir, be not so rash,  
 The storm awakes—the night is dark;  
 The thunder rolls—the lightnings flash—  
 The wind is rising—hark hark! hark!  
 [storm rises.  
 In such a night—in such an hour!  
 'Tis death to roam—then pardon, pray;  
 Fell beasts are prowling to devour!  
*Hardy.* I'll hear no more!—away, away!  
*Fred.* Come, then, my love—virtue our shield  
 We'll brave the worst!  
*Ame. & Goose.* Stay, stay! oh, stay!  
*Eliza.* Must innocence a victim yield?  
*Hardy.* I'll hear no more!  
*Omnes.* Away! away!

[*Exeunt omnes, L.*SCENE III.—*Kangaroo Hunting Grounds among the Western Mountains.*

*Enter CATTLE-HUNTERS, STOCK-KEEPERS, and male and female Convict Servants, severally.*

## ROUND.—OMNES.

AIR.—“ *Hark! 'tis the Indian drum.*”

Hark! 'tis the guardhouse drum,  
 To scour the woods around,  
 'Till Michael Howe is found,  
 The soldiers come—they come! they come!

*Stock K.* Heaven grant them success, I say!—While this desperate Bush-ranger, this notorious Michael Howe, and his gang exist, nobody's stock is safe!

*Cattle H.* For certain he must be nothing less than devil!—he carries off bullocks as if they were kids, and values a life as little as a turnip.

*Convict S.* The soldiers will give a good account of him;—they've got one of the native women with them, and they can track any thing;—they'll be sure to find him—he can't escape;—here they are!

*Enter SERJEANT, file of men, and BEDIA, a native woman.*

*Serj.* Halt!—now, Bedia!—

[*Bedia searches all around for trace, but is disappointed.*]

*Bedia.* No, massa—pale-face not here—bad man no been here—further on yet;—grass not moved here—leaves only stirred by wind;—that way, massa. [*points off.*]

*Serj.* Soh! further a field!—well, I'll read you the new proclamation, friends, and then we must be marching again. [*reads.*] “By order of his Excellency the Governor, whoever will give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction, if living, of the notorious Michael Howe, run-away convict and Bush-ranger, or any of his associates, shall receive for each, a reward of one hundred guineas; and, if a convict, his Majesty's free pardon!—God save the King!”

*Omnes.* Hurrah!

*Serj.* Now, then, lads, our next course must be to Fourteen Tree Plain. We must then go to Joe Wright's—he must know something about them;—they can't do without rum, and they can only get it of him;—from thence we'll go to the Abyssinian Mountains, and then go to Jericho. Never fear, boys, we'll rout them out of the scrub like so many porcupines! Any one inclined to join and assist shall be well rewarded.—What say you, friends, will you go?

*Omnes.* All! all!

*Serj.* Bravely said!—march, then!

MARCH AND CHORUS.—OMNES.

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AIR.—“*Oh, blest for ever be the day.*”

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Oh, through the gum tree forests steal,  
The scrub their footsteps will reveal;

We'll brave all dangers,

'Till we destroy this band

Of fell Bush-rangers,

That curse Van Diemen's Land!

Then cheerly on, make for the bush,  
 This daring Michael Howe we'll crush,  
 Upon him stealing  
 We'll soon, alive or dead,  
 Our power revealing,  
 Bring back the monster's head

[*Exeunt omnes, L.*

*Enter WILDGORSE, R.*

*Wild.* What crew were that?—soldiers!—'tis well they're gone—I've a natural dislike to all in authority—have had ever since I were first taken up.—This quiet easy life don't do for me—I have been in the hulks too long—that spoilt me for any thing honest,—yet, it were not always so. In my father's cottage, when Agatha loved me, and the vicar were my master—when I never eat my dinner till I'd earnt it—till I'd called heaven's grace upon it!—never slept till I'd prayed, nor woke till night were over,—ah, I were happy then—happy, for I were innocent;—sky always looked shiny then—I feared no bad things—hoped all good ones;—master trusted me—neighbours praised me,—father blessed me—depended on me;—mother doted on me, and Agatha—Agatha loved me—dearly, truly loved me!—But now, oh, what a change!—father be dead—died broken hearted!—and mother—Agatha—let me not think on't,—I must not—dare not; no, no, I must take old man's traps, and off into the bush—live as I have lived—lawless! unrestrained!

*Enter AGATHA, stealing on, R.*

*Agatha.* Is the coast clear?—abandoned as he is, I still must guard his safety!—Ah! a man!

[*seeing Wildgorse.*

*Wild.* Eh!—no!—yes—that voice!—this face—do my eyes cheat me?—it can't be!—yet 'tis—Agatha!

*Agatha.* Ah! [*screams.*] Wildgorse!—Robin Wildgorse!—and here!

*Wild.* Villain that I am!—Have my crimes, then, transported you too?—tell me—tell me, Agatha. Oh! that I have lived to ask this question!—are you—are you—pah!—the word choaks me!—Are you a convict?

*Agatha.* And worse!—an outcast from the colony!—I have sought refuge in the bush;—I am—oh! do not curse me, Robin!—You've heard of Michael Howe—I am companion with him!

*Wild.* Agatha! the gentle, innocent Agatha, a hunted convict!—living with murderers! Bush-rangers!—what have I not to answer for?—this has been my work!

*Agatha.* When you so strangely disappeared, after your many vows of constancy and truth—your promises of marriage,—my fair fame lost—my prospects blighted, my young heart broken! I became careless! reckless!—I left my native village, where all, that once loved, shunned me as infected! and fled to shroud my shame in riotous London!—there, lost! abandoned! betrayed! allured!—what wonder I soon fell a victim!—I was not wicked in my nature, Robin—my heart shrunk at depravity! but circumstance o'erpowered my better feelings!—I had been sinned against—

*Wild.* Too deeply, lass!—oh! villain! villain that I am!

*Agatha.* Transported for a trifling theft, urged by necessity, from one whose honour should have spared me such a trespass—I was sent here;—my mistress proved a tyrant,—ill usage made me listen to a wretch who tempted but too well!—I fled into the bush, and joined with his my fortunes!—He became master of my fate, and I am now mate of the desperate ranger, Michael Howe!—My end I dare not think on!

*Wild.* Your guilt lies on my head!—I am the author of your ruin, girl, and I muot expiate it; yet, I meant well,—I loved you, Agatha, would have laid down my life for you! but Fate willed otherwise;—you marvel why I fled!—hear, girl, my horrid story, and quit me of the sin of thy intentional desertion!

*Agatha.* I never thought unkindly of you, Robin, in my worst hours;—I only wept, and prayed heaven to forgive you!

*Wild.* That fatal night I fled, I had been down at the Eight Bells—some Masson lads were there—we had been drinking;—it was proposed to take a hare,—I was too ready;—'twas in the season of the year, in Dudley Royal Park, a shiny night—the one I loved;—the hares were feeding gaily in the moonlight;—I drank in the pure lymph that swam around me, as though it had been wine;—the trees, and every thing, seemed clothed in light, and 'twas so calm too—nature were quite still, just as if listening to the joyous gurgling of the brook that ran rejoicing in its freedom, and the sweet nightingale—ah, Agatha! how many hours we've stood and heard its song together.



*Agatha.* Yes, Robin; those were happy times—they never can return!

*Wild.* Never!—the flowers, too, smelt so freshly in the dew!—all spoke of good and peace, but I could not be warned;—we wound through the thick brushwood, aye, like adders;—the violets, at every step, bathing the feet that crushed them with their fragrance;—our sport was plentiful,—we were returning loaded, when, suddenly, some voices challenged us,—the keepers were abroad, and watching us;—we fled, but they pursued, o'ertook us,—they called upon us to surrender!—we turned and fought for freedom;—'twas a stern struggle;—one I encountered in a tangled thicket, where scarce a glimpse of light could come;—he was a sturdy knave, and grappled fiercely, but I o'erpowered him—the coward called for help,—a strange hand grasped my throat, and I felt choaking!—It was in self-defence,—I drew my knife—I struck him—

*Agatha.* Gracious heaven!—this but too well explains your sudden flight;—I tremble to hear further.

*Wild.* Nay, it must out—there'll be relief in't!—he fell!—the keeper fled—I could not move,—my feet were lead;—I heard my victim groan!—it fixed me to him;—I dragged him to the light—the moon's pale light, which mournfully gleamed on his bleeding body, with watery beams, as weeping o'er the deed!—Great God! what did I see?—the playmate of my boyhood, Stephen Maywood!—my friend—my chosen brother!—Chance led—he had approached the fatal spot, and in the darkness—

*Agatha.* I can divine too well;—compose yourself—'twas no planned deed!

*Wild.* I had stabbed mortally;—he looked at me as I hung guilt-struck o'er him;—gave a last sigh—grasped my hand, girl, and died!—it were a kindly grasp—there were forgiveness in it!—but what of that?—can I forgive myself—can heaven forgive me?—I felt I were a murderer, though 'twere in self-defence I stabbed—though 'twere unknowingly I killed him!—I bore his hapless body!—oh! 'twere a weary load—guilt must be strong to bear a dead man's weight,—I bore him, girl, to Fountain's Abbey Ruins; there, in a hasty grave, I hid from man all traces of my guilt!—ah, could I hide it from myself—from heaven—

*Agatha.* He was long missed,—'twas thought that you had fled together!

*Wild.* Would it had been no worse! I sped to London—Stephen's form pursued me!—I sought the can—tried drink to drown my thoughts—'twas Stephen pledged me!—I plunged in riot—Stephen still were there, his wound still bleeding!—nothing could stop that blood!—then I grew desperate—joined in the noon-day cheat—the midnight robbery—nothing too guilty, so that life were spared—I'd had enough of blood; yet I wished death, but gallows would not have me—I 'scaped a hundred chances! Now I'm here, and Stephen's *here* too!—in the night I see him!—I see him now!—there! there! bleeding and pale!—forgive me! oh, forgive me!

*Agatha.* Calm this wild mood—repent and hope—be virtuous from henceforth, and—

*Wild.* No, no, I cannot now be honest—I despair;—I used sometimes to think that *you*—I had wild dreams, at times, of joy and peace—of love and home, and happiness;—that hope is gone!—our fates are fixed for misery! and now I'm fit for any deed of darkness!

*Agatha.* Nay, nay, lost, guilty as we are, Robin, dear Robin, let's not quite despair! there still is hope—I fain would save you, Robin;—we may be good—may be forgiven yet!—Abjure the outcast's life!—abjure it! and—ah, the band come!

*Enter MICHAEL HOWE, Captain of the Bush-rangers, WHITEHEAD, GEARY, WATTS, and other Bush-rangers, R. S. E. they are dressed partly in Kangaroo skins, have long beards, and present a wild and terrific appearance.*

*Howe.* How now, Agatha?—why this delay?—ha! a stranger here!—would you betray us?—die!

*[snaps pistol at Agatha—Wildgorse rushes between.]*

*Wild.* Hold!—murder a woman!—you must kill me first.

*Howe.* Eh!—what! Robin Wildgorse!

*Wild.* Aye, Robin Wildgorse, Michael Howe; that is if you *are* Michael Howe, which I can scarcely believe from your appearance.

*Howe.* Ha! ha! ha! rather rough, certainly; but we that live in the bush, can't study the tailor much; and so, old acquaintance, you're caught at last?

*Wild.* Yes, it's what we must all come to, Michael, unless we happen to be stopped short in the midst of it.

*Howe.* What lay are you upon?

*Wild.* I'm assigned to an old chap that I've done bu-

siness with before in London, though he don't know it—old Hardy.

*Howe.* Has he any rag?

*Wild.* A cly full of ridge,—has got the bit in plenty.

*Howe.* Why not be at work, then?—You have only to wait till the old man is safe in his dab, then draw his barking irons, unbetty the lock, and the thing's done. We'll steal in, snap the swag, and you can be off with us into the bush—row in the boat with us—have your regulars!—It will be better than staying starving with him, and getting ne-dash for your pains!

*Wild.* Give us your fam—as soon as ever it's darkey, to-morrow, I'll send the cutler off sweet to his snooze—unslour the door, and put you all fly to the plant.

*Howe.* Nothing can be more plummy. If the old man should wake and be obstropolous, we'll chiv him.

*Wild.* No, no!—no more stabbing—I've had too much of that.

*Agatha.* Another deed of plunder!—perhaps worse!—Oh, Robin! Robin! for heaven's, sweet love—

*Howe.* Peace, woman! ere I silence you!—Back to the cave, and get our supper ready!—Hence, I say!—away! [*forces her off, R.—*] the prating termagant! All, then, is settled?

*Wild.* Yeas; to-morrow night, the Log-hut by the river—so good-bye, lads, till then; I must off now, or it may be my absence may excite suspicion;—to-morrow night we'll have a glorious booty, and join our fates together;—farewell!

*Omnes.* Hurrah!

[*Exit Wildgorse, R.*]

*Howe.* A good raise this, my lads; a rich booty and a staunch pal! nothing could come better;—we need something to help us—our store's getting plaguey low—scarcely a fire of rum a-piece left for us; and those rascally stock-keepers hide every drop they have;—that cursed proclamation of the Governor—a price set on our heads!—well, we must be a match for him,—must carry all who fall into our hands into the bush—put a price on *their heads*—make them pay their footing that way, eh! boys?

*Omnes.* Bravo!—good! good!

*Howe.* Hush!—here come company!—a youth and wench—good subjects to begin with;—draw back, conceal yourselves, and observe.

[*Howe and Bush-rangers retire, L.*]



*Enter* FREDERIC and ELIZA, R.

*Fred.* This way, love; courage!—we soon shall gain some refuge;—our nuptials have begun but stormily, but heaven will aid us!

*Eliza.* I only grieve, dear, that through me you are an outcast!—have lost a father's favour!

*Fred.* Oh, we will do well yet;—we'll raise some forest shed to shield us for the present,—I'll hunt the kangaroos for our support;—hunger will sweeten every meal—labour will smooth our humble couch, and self-approval charm away each care!

*Eliza.* You cheer my heart to hear you!—Deserted, pennyless as we are, still we are in the wanderer's home—the exile's solace!—Van Diemen's Land can boast a thousand charms to aid the destitute and soothe the wretched!

*Fred.* Enchanting girl!—The Governor will doubtlessly befriend us!—we will petition for a grant;—I have a friend here, too, who, for my sister's sake, will yield us succour!—so courage! courage! Let's on at once.

*Howe.* [*coming forward with band.*] Hold!—you must first pay toll!

*Eliza.* Great heavens! the Bush-rangers!—we're lost!

*Fred.* What want you, fellows?

*Howe.* Your gun! [*suddenly seizing it.*] This young woman must into the bush with us!

*Fred.* You cannot mean it?

*Howe.* I do!—they've put a price upon my head, the knaves! and now I put a price upon the heads of all! We will not harm her;—we'll only keep her as security. What would you lose her for?

*Fred.* Not for the worth of worlds!

*Howe.* Then you can't grumble at paying five hundred dollars to gain her! Go, youth, to the friend you spoke of—get the money;—be waiting with it any evening at Joe Wright's grog-shop, and you shall have your wench restored to you; but mind, no blabbing!—We shall have our spies abroad—a whisper to the military in search of us, and she that instant dies!—nor shall you live to go in mourning for her!

*Fred.* In pity!—mercy!

*Howe.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Eliza.* You know not who you plead to! Now we indeed are lost!



*Fred.* No ! no ! I must !—I will release you !—aye, at all hazards !—I'll borrow—beg—I'll—your terms shall be complied with, fellows !—swear that she shall be safe !

*Howe.* We swear !---so make your mind easy about that ; only you bring the blunt, and the petticoat shall be right enough. Mind, Joe Wright's, down by Blackman's bridge.

*Fred.* Farewell, dear girl ! but not for long ; ere twelve hours pass, if I have life, you shall have liberty !

[*Exit, L.*

*Howe.* A clean spoken kid that ; but come, boys, back to the bush ; now, girl ; nay, nay, I'll keep my word, no one shall harm you,—true we can hope nothing, and therefore fear nothing ; but you may take our gage ;—there's honour amongst thieves, and of course there is amongst the Princes of thieves—the Bush-rangers !

*Omnes.* Aye ! aye ! we defy the world !

GLEE.—BUSH-RANGERS.

AIR.—“ *Where the Bee sucks.*”

Where the bush grows, here hide we,  
In our caverns wild and free,  
Here we steal where traps can't see ;  
With the bats abroad we lie,  
When the sun sets, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, do we live now,  
Jolly Bush-rangers, here, under the bough.

[*Exeunt omnes, R.*

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Gooseberry's Hut.*

*Enter GOOSEBERRY and DARBY, L.*

*Goose.* Aye, aye, fill up the pit, Darby ; we'll take our own chance with the wild beasts ;—the only living creature we've caught in the pit yet has been myself—I fell into it heels uppermost, the very first night, while thinking of Miss Mely !—lucky you were there to lug me out by the leg ; if you hadn't, and any wild boar had happened to have fallen in, and we'd happened to have fallen out, and he'd pitted himself against me ;—all I can say is, I should have been very much to be pit—ied !

*Darby.* You may say that, master. I've stopped it up, sir—I was afraid of filling it myself, and I didn't want the folks to pity Pat.

*Goose.* I'm beginning to get a little used to things now; but Lord, this Van Diemen's Land is a queer place—every thing's quite different here to what it is in London: why the very seasons are changed!—they've summer at Christmas here, and winter in July!—you can't get green peas till Guy Faux day, nor eat your Michaelmas goose till March; and then places 'ent a morsel like what they're christened after in England. I went to look at their Epping Forest, as they call it; as much like Epping Forest as I'm like the Hottentot Venus;—no Bald-faced Stag to take a glass at—no course for Easter Monday; and as for their Surrey Hills, you may look till you're blind for all the beautiful views;—no King's Bench—no County Goal—all the prospects on a very confined scale.

*Darby.* Right, sir; they've a Tipperary without a morsel of bog, and a county Donnybrook with the deuce a drop of butter-milk; but we'll get on beautifully for all that, sir.

*Goose.* I began to think we'd brought our pigs to but a very queer sort of market; for though there's plenty of pork running wild about the woods, the creatures know how to save their own bacon;—your sowing all the gunpowder for turnip seed was rather unfortunate, too.

*Darby.* That was a bit of a bull, sir, certainly;—I blowed up the ground for it—it saved digging, any how.

*Goose.* We've got a little to rights; for though none of the articles I've brought out with me do for what they were intended for, they serve excellently for other things:—the painted blinds make capital sheets—sleep quite in clover in them; the band-box forms a beautiful beaufet, and the medicine chest does charmingly for a larder!—then the egg-basket is the very thing for a plate-rack, and the hen-coop is a delightful China cupboard;—we've made a famous table of the bumble-puppy-board, and nothing can do better for chairs than the flower-stands, so I think we're almost all furnished.

*Darby.* We only want the mistress, master.

*Goose.* Ah, Miss Mely, Darby!—we're provided with every thing else; your getting that sackful of game, Darby, was a famous turn up; but you havn't told me all about it.

*Darby.* I will, sir:—while I was looking out for game sir, I started a female native in a bush.

Goose. What sort of a bush, Darby?

Darby. A *blackberry* bush I should think, by her colour, sir! She fell over head and heels in love with me; and, before I'd time to cry parsnips, popped the question to me,—and I hadn't the heart to be cruel, sir; besides, I thought you and Miss Mely would want a maid, and my marrying her would make her the very thing for you.

Goose. I don't know that, Darby.

Darby. Besides, sir, she's a great fortune—she's a chief, and I'm to be a chief too;—if I marry her I'm to be insured against being burnt out; and never to want hares, nor any other kind of poultry.

Goose. Hum! cupboard love!—you think it better to get your game by hearts than clubs?—but our premises being safe is something, and then the larder always being filled is no bad look out—can't live upon love, Darby. Is she handsome?

Darby. As graceful as a black swan, sir! and has a whole bushel of bullocks' horns for pin money.

Goose. Hum! I don't much approve of *horns* as part of a marriage portion, Darby; but go on.

Darby. I shall soon be a mighty great man, for she's introduced me to all her family. I shall be own brother to Ben-ni-long, a great warrior, and very fond of rum; cousin to Catterwawl! uncle to the great bear, Borriborri! and I don't know what to the big buffalo, Bungaway!—they've already made me chief!

Goose. A chief?

Darby. You may say that, sir;—they call me Brien Boroo of Derry;—sure I'm the first of my family that's that same: they talk of potato-ing me, and running something through my nose.

Goose. Serving you as they do the porkers.

Darby. This is she;—come here, you little black devil, do!

*Enter KANGAREE in marriage dress, L.*

Come here, you Princess of Tea Pot Beauties; let me have a kiss!

Kan. Good white chief,—*Carridah* all ready to make Kangaree your wife now!—Brother Ben-ni-long coming with yams and magpies—swans and fern roots—emus and corn, for marriage present;—warriors all meet to do you honour;—you have six hogs at your wedding dinner!



*Goose.* Hum! hogs are not unusual at wedding dinners in more polished countries than this.

*Kan.* Ah! another white man here!

*Goose.* A birth with her is better than going to the coal river,—eh, Darby?

*Darby.* Devil doubt it, sir; don't be frightened, my Queen of Sables—I'm chief over you, you know, and this gentleman is chief over me.

*Kan.* Ah, your prince,—Kangaree have him for her prince too,—climb tree and swim lake—hunt—fish—dig for him.

*Goose.* Very obliging, indeed! Friend Darby I wish you joy—I consent to your marriage with all my heart;—no bad thing having a chief for a journeyman, and a chief's wife for a kitchen maid. There'll be no throwing the stocking, because I perceive your bride don't wear any;—there's one thing, she'll never look blacker on you than she does now; and whenever she's made a widow, she'll be all ready in mourning. I must have a salute—I shan't make her blush, that's one comfort!

[*As Gooseberry is saluting Kangaree, enter AMELIA, R.*

*Amelia.* So, Mr. Gooseberry, this is the way you amuse yourself is it?—very pretty!

*Goose.* Confound it all!—but Miss Mely—

*Amelia.* Don't tell me, sir; enslaved by my charms, indeed! you seem to be enslaved less questionably.

*Kan.* Ah, white missee!—you love—Kangaree love—Kangaree marry—you marry too; then Kangaree wait on you---catch parrot to teach talk for you.

*Goose.* Hum! I don't think there'll be any necessity for the parrots, I'm much obliged to you, my good girl—when we're married, I dare say we shall have talk enough without them. Come now, Miss Mely, what do you say to following?—no, not a *fair* example, but a good one. Consent, if it's only to keep them in countenance.

*Amelia.* I shall not sanction any marriages, indeed!—not I!

*Goose.* Remember the snakes!

*Amelia.* Oh, I don't care for them!—see what my poor brother Frederic's got by marrying—turned out of house and home.

*Goose.* But you'll turn into house and home, so that will make all the difference. What do you think of my location here?



*Amelia.* Your what, Mr. Gooseberry ?

*Goose.* My location ! lodging's vulgar here—all very well in England, but won't do for Van Diemen's Land ; Is'nt it a snug tie-up !

SONG.—GOOSEBERRY.

AIR.—“ *I have plucked the fairest Flower.* ”

I have built the snuggest hut,  
I have got a water-butt ;  
A cellar, too, for coal,  
And a very nice dust-hole  
A pig-stye made for six,  
If your hopes on pork you fix,—  
A chimney in the kitchen,  
When for cooking you've an itching,—  
Therefore, thou maid bewitching !  
To church, let's haste away !

*Amelia.* I really can't think of such a thing, Mr. Gooseberry.

*Goose.* Come, come, Cupid is beating up for recruits, let's enlist with him at once ; all new colonies should be peopled, as soon as possible.

*Amelia.* I've heard enough of maids enlisting with love ; better put up with the snakes than that.

*Goose.* That's all very well, Miss Mely, but if you become companion in *arms* with me, I can give you a nice Kangaroo steamer, and a piece of capital damper.

*Amelia.* Lord ! what are they, Mr. Gooseberry ?

*Goose.* A steamer's a stew ; and damper's new South Wales staff of life !—or what do you say to part of a broiled Opossum, or the leg of a Bandicoot ?

*Amelia.* Never heard of such things before in my life.

*Goose.* Or, if you're for poultry, I went out birding this morning,—shot a couple of Boobies, and a Noddy, as they call them here ; I suppose from their suffering themselves to be killed so easily ; the creatures seemed quite astonished when I fired at them—not used to it, I dare say ! You see, we shan't want for good living ! Come, now what do you say ?—

*Amelia.* Lord, Mr. Gooseberry, you teaze one so—and really, since my poor brother's departure, our house has become so dull—

*Goose.* Its agreed then,—Ulloa ! look out !—

[*Indian shout heard without ; enter Ben-ni-long and*

*Natives, with bridal presents, and nuptial chairs to carry Darby and Kangaree in, fantastically ornamented.*

*Amelia.* Lord bless me ! who are these ?

*Darby.* Fait, but here's the family come !

*Ben.* Derry-ho-rang-bo-roo ! Fire destroying white chief, our sister's chosen, behold the nuptial presents ; we come to bear you to our resting place, all that your race have now left to our tribe—there the sacred *Car-ri-dah* attends to make you one !

*Darby.* Brother Ben-ni-long—and you, uncles, nephews, cousins, and other relations, I'm mightily obliged to you ; I'll be at the Carraway's service in no time.

*Ben.* White strangers here ? their purpose, brother !

*Darby.* Fait, brother, this gentleman is my chief, and that lady's his chief ; that is, she's going to be—so as they're going to be married, as well as myself, I'm thinking we can have it all done under one ; for I'd like to be married my way as well as yours, to make matters binding.

*Ben.* 'Tis honestly intentioned—we consent. Your chief shall be our friend.

*Darby.* All's right, then ; we two couple can be made one—snug enough.

*Ben.* Our wedding-cheer is ample enough for both.

*Goose.* There you hear ;—you have no excuse now, you see, Miss Mely, every thing's provided ; no doubt these savages will be civil enough to see us safe out of the wood to the Parson's.

*Ben.* Let our nuptial songs and dances welcome them ; fear not, white maid, the wild chief, Ben-ni-long, has been companion in your native England with the highest and proudest of your countrywomen.

*Amelia.* A very polished Black-a-moor, I declare.

*Darby.* Here's preferment, now—here's rising in the world.

*Goose.* What would that Bob Sykes say, to see this !

*[Ben-ni-long and Chiefs hand Amelia and Gooseberry, and Darby and Kangaree, into nuptial chairs.*

*Ben.* Now on, and be the rites performed. Ben-ni-long will to day forget the white man's wrongs, and yield his soul to joy. On, brother warriors.

*[Exeunt omnes in procession, Natives dancing round Gooseberry and Amelia, Darby and Kangaree !*

SCENE II.—*Interior of Michael Howe's cave, in the Bush, near Cocked Hat Hill.*

*Michael Howe sleeping. Eliza sitting in a melancholy position on one side of stage, Whitehead, Geary, Watts, and Bush-rangers, discovered drinking; Agatha watching Howe.*

GLEE.—OMNES, (*Piano.*)

AIR.—“ *When Arthur first in Court began !*”

When Judges first in court began  
To wear long hanging sleeves,  
'Twas then they took to hanging men  
That happened to be thieves!  
No matter whether an Irishman,  
Or Sawney, the bonny Scot,  
Or Taffy, that thief of a Welchman,  
The gibbet was their lot.  
But Jack Ketch did'nt alter the Irishman,  
The Scot did'nt care a feather,  
And the Welchman declar'd, that their wisest plan,  
Was all to *hang* together.

*White.* Good wine, they say, needs no bush, but it's not so with us.

*Geary.* No, no, the bush—the bush for ever. Our Captain seems to have got his dose! he is a devil for rum, that's certain.

*White.* Aye, and a rum devil too;—why he dreams like a young maid on her marriage morning,—see, he's at it now! always busy, even in his sleep.

*Howe.* [*dreaming, R.—*] They pursue us! shoot the women! they'll only lumber us.

*Agatha.* Wretch! no tie can stay him—and have I linked myself to one like him? Oh, Robin! Robin! [*aside*

*Howe.* [*dreaming.*] Aye, I like flowers, I'll set some round our cave,—I liked them when a boy. That stock-keeper has rum, it must be ours;—if he resists, silence the knave!—back—back, the cattle-hunters come,—In!—in!—the bush—the bush,—let them pass by.

*Agatha.* Not even blessed sleep can keep his thoughts from deeds of blood. [*aside.*

*Howe.* [*still dreaming.*] Give me those roses—those violets too—they smell so sweet and fresh, they mind



me of my home—when—our cottage had a jessamine, I'll plant one here.

*Agatha.* All powerful nature, that guilt so fell should feel thy influence still. [*aside.*

*Howe.* [*dreaming.*] Ha! they're upon us,—my gun—if I should fall, let them not have my head. Now then, come on—two of you?—nay, then I must bestir!—I will not yield! down, down dogs! or—[*starts up, and awakes.*] What's this? fool'd by my dreams again! No rest!—no peace! I thought the military were upon us: ha! ha! it has not come to that yet! What was I dreaming of besides?—Flowers! ah, flowers! that bodes no good to me,—fond as I am of them, I do not like them in my dreams; some evil's ever sure to be at hand when that's the case.

*Agatha.* Profit by the omen!

*Howe.* Peace, woman! my fate will have its way!—I'll note it down though! “Wednesday—dreamt of flowers—mem.—to be careful,” [*writes.*] not that it matters much; were I but sure my bones would rest under the spreading branches of some silver wattle tree, with its blithe yellow blossoms, I would not care how soon I went to sleep there.

*White.* Psha, yours will be a windy winding sheet, an iron shroud—the gallows won't be cheated, Michael.

*Howe.* S'death, but you shan't ruffle me! though I have crack'd a ken, and killed my man, 'twas through necessity. And say that I *am* in the bush, and chaunted; am look'd for by the swaddies! what of that? true I have been a spice gloak, now and then!—done business as top cracksman! still I was driven to it; but for man's wrongs, I could be well content to take my rum in peace,—raise a few flowers.—and ne'er pull trigger more.

*White.* Oh, if you come to that, none of us had been here were we not driven! but one cannot put up with every thing. Why, when I was sent here—which was merely for ramping a swell gill of his montra, the captain of our vessel didn't give me half wine enough.

*Omnes.* Infamous!—infamous!

*White.* My nerves were rather delicate, and I required those little luxuries; so I pull'd him up for it, before the Governor, directly we landed; but instead of taking my part, he dismissed the charge as unreasonable and frivolous.

*Watts.* What a precious villain!



*Omnes.* Shocking! shocking!

*White.* Flesh and blood could'nt bear that, you know. He said we convicts were allowed twice as much as settlers, that paid forty pounds for their passage. What of that! we ought to have ten times as much, to console us under our misfortunes; quite enough to be transported, without being stinted in one's little indulgences. Let's turn to the business we have in hand—frisking old Hardy's crib—the hour approaches.

*Eliza.* Good heavens! my Frederic's father! [*aside.*

*Howe.* To stall suspicion off from us, and make every thing safe,—for I'd an ugly dream just now,—directly we gain admittance, we'll make short work of it with the old man and all the family.

*Eliza.* Merciful powers! oh! [*groans involuntarily.*

*Howe.* What's that? Eh! the girl groaning!—foolish wench, thinking of her sweetheart!—We'll silence all the family, as I said; bag the swag, and fire the ken at once.

*Eliza.* [*aside.*] Horrible!

*Agatha.* [*aside.*] More deeds of blood! when will heaven's vengeance be aroused!

*Howe.* This will make Wildgorse safely ours, and do away suspicion.

*White.* Aye, aye, the blame will fall on accident.

*Howe.* It is agreed, then; we wait but for the nightfall.

*Eliza.* [*advancing from back.*] You have the forms of men, and you should have the hearts. [*rushes forwards, and kneels to Michael Howe.*] Oh, if you ever felt one pulse of pity—if you'd atone past wrongs, and hope for mercy—forego your dreadful purpose; save this devoted family your vengeance has consigned to perish!—angels will bless you—here on my knees—I beg—entreat—implore—

*Howe.* [*raising her roughly.*] Rise, girl! what foolery is this?

*Eliza.* Strike! kill me, but oh spare! oh spare your victims!

AIR.—ELIZA.

AIR.—“*The last rose of Summer.*”

The last friends I've left here,  
To death you condemn!

As you would have mercy,  
 Show mercy to them!  
 Leave me not here lonely,  
 In sorrow to sue,  
 But, if they must perish,  
 Let *me* perish too!

*Howe.* Do you forget you speak to Bush-rangers?—  
 pity and mercy are sworn foes to us.

*Eliza.* I plead in vain, obdurate wretches; I must  
 form some plan. [*aside.*]

*Howe.* Night grows apace,—'tis time we were pre-  
 paring! come boys, let's in, and get our arms and booty;  
 —is Geary keeping watch above?

*White.* He is.

*Howe.* He'll guard our pretty hostage here, then—we'll  
 keep faith with her spark; nobody shall touch her, till  
 after to morrow; but if the money's not forthcoming,  
 aye! and with interest too! why, then, like other unre-  
 deemed pledges, she becomes forfeited, and I shall ap-  
 propriate her to myself. Now then, a parting glass,  
 and off for action,—come boys, success to our expedition.  
[*drinks.*]

### CHORUS.—OMNES.

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#### AIR.—“*Bacchanal in Der Freischutz.*”

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Come, a glass before we go,  
 Since our fates we do not know!  
 We ne'er more may drink together,  
 But whatever be our 'tether,  
 Let's at least be merry now,  
 Fortune!—'tis to thee we bow! [*all dance.*]

Better, boldly daring, die,  
 Than, like cowards, basely fly;  
 Courage, store of gold will give us,  
 Cowardice—in want will leave us:  
 Drain the flask, we'll not droop now,  
 Courage!—'tis to thee we bow! [*all dance.*]

[*Exeunt Howe and Gang up steps; Agatha rises cautiously,  
 and watches them off.* L.

*Agatha.* Would the wretch add faithlessness to all his  
 other crimes! let him beware! there is a point beyond  
 which e'en a spaniel's sufferance falters.

*Eliza.* Great heavens! for what am I reserved? oh,

Frederic! Frederic! Ah! this woman here! though haggard, she looks human!—sure she should have a woman's feeling for her sex,—I'll try her heart. [*aside.*] If ever gentie thought dwelt in your bosom,—if you have ever lov'd—

*Agatha.* If I have ever lov'd, girl! ah! did you know—

*Eliza.* Oh hear and aid me! though only for an hour! I ask no more!—I swear I will return, and suffer all your comrades may inflict;—but—

*Agatha.* Enough! you have prevailed. Give me your scarf and bonnet,—now take my hat and cloak,—shroud yourself in them—quick! [*they exchange dresses.*]

*Eliza.* Oh! Blessed aid! how shall I ever thank you?

*Agatha.* Hush! and be ready at my bidding.—Geary, [*calling.*]

*Geary.* [*who is keeping watch at the aperture above—the entrance to the cavern,—and from which a rude flight of stone steps, cut out of the rock, leads down to the interior of the cave.*] Ulloa! who calls!

*Agatha.* Agatha!

*Geary.* [*above.*] What do you want?

*Agatha.* What do I want? why, I want you to move your body on one side,—and not stand there, blocking up the entrance when a person wishes to pass. I have business the other side the bush; the gang are always wanting something.

*Geary.* [*above.*] Well, well, come along, if you're coming, and don't stand prating there.

*Agatha.* Prating you call it, being civil!—well, the next time I speak to you, it shall do you good. I'll send you to Coventry, as your comrades on board the hulks did.

*Geary.* [*above.*] S'death, jade!

*Agatha.* Nay! I'll not speak another word to you, after this, if it would save you from hanging. Now, pass quickly—boldly—silently! hush! not a word—away!

[*aside, Eliza in Agatha's hat and cloak ascends stairs.*]

*Geary.* [*above.*] Well! are you coming? oh here you are! what dumb? sulky devil! we shan't get a word out of her for a month, now she's once affronted. Be off with you, and a good riddance. I marvel Michael keeps her.

[*Exit Eliza passing Geary.*]

*Agatha.* She's safe,—my heart feels lighter, let me assume her place. [*Agatha puts on Eliza's scarf and bonnet.*] Ha! Geary coming!

[*lies down as before.*]



*Geary.* [*descending steps.*] I'll watch no longer outside, it grows chill. Where is my pretty charge? come, girl, up,—up,—I'd fain amuse myself with you awhile sleeping! I'll steal a kiss.—[*removes scarf.*] Confusion! Agatha! zounds! have you rung the changes on me?

*Agatha.* [*rising.*] Should I say yes, what then?—

*Geary.* Only that I'll make sure of you—to hear what Michael says to it.

*Agatha.* Back, dog! and give me way.

*Geary.* Not while this sword has any point remaining.

*Agatha.* Is that it!—then have at you!

[*Agatha seizes a sword and fights with Geary; after a smart combat she disarms him—he draws pistol, levels it at her,—she stoops—he fires over her head; —she returns the fire—he staggers and falls—she exits up steps, exclaiming—*

“Now then for liberty, and a free pardon!”

SCENE III.—*Caffre Encampment by moonlight.*

*Enter WILDGORSE, R.*

*Wild.* [*singing.*] “Oh a shiny night is my delight, in the season of the year!” I don't see any signs of them! they're not at the hut! surely they hav'n't got into the bush! I don't much want to find them, certainly; Cockney might prove an awkward customer, if he staid,—and yet, old man won't go to bed till his daughter comes back; so its unlucky both ways. Night advances rapidly, it will soon be Michael's time. Eh! who have we here? the birds themselves! a black-bird with them, too!

*Enter GOOSEBERRY, AMELIA, DARBY, & KANGAREE, L.*

*Goose.* Now then, my dear Mrs. G., we must be thinking of going home, love. Mrs. Ballylaggan, you'll wait on my wife—when Darby can spare you.

*Wild.* Servant, sir—master sent me to look for you, miss,—thought you were lost.

*Goose.* Miss! *Mrs. Gooseberry*, if you please, Robin! she's not lost, only married!

*Wild.* Married! [*whistles.*] I was to take you to old man, along with me!

*Goose.* Don't I tell you we're married, and can't come!

*Amelia.* It's very true, Robin, we're married; and can't come!



*Darby.* By the powers ! you may say that, we're married, and cant go ! Ent we, my darling ! [*to Kangaree.*

*Amelia.* Tell pa, Robin, I'm very sorry, but——

*Goose.* Sorry, Mrs. G. ! what, before the first day's over ?

*Amelia.* That is, I'm very glad—I mean,—that is,—I don't know what I am ;—but my husband will explain every thing, tell him, to-morrow.

*Wild.* Nothing could turn out better, [*aside.*] I wish you joy, sir, I'll tell old man, depend upon it. We must take care of the house by ourselves now,—so I'll wish you good bye.

SNATCH.—ROBIN.

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'Twas in the good ship Rover,  
My passage here I found,  
And, till seven years are over,  
I shan't see English ground. [*Exit Robin, R.*

*Goose.* Good bye,—good bye !—Sorry I couldn't send the old man a bit of cake. Now then, where's your brother Ben-ni-long, Darby, and the rest of our Black Guards ! we shall want them to see us through the wood back again ; curs'd civil fellows those, and know what eating and drinking is.

*Darby.* For the drinking, I'll answer for them, Sir ; for they've clean emptied all the rum, just as if it had been so much whiskey !—here they come.

*Enter BEN-NI-LONG and NATIVES, L.*

*Ben.* Now, brother chief, all ceremony duly done, we'll see you to your rest !—you style us savage, but we boast, at least, fidelity to those we have espoused ; we share with them, alike, our hearts, our homes, our substance !—toil for them—live but for them,—love them ! the white man cannot always say as much ; take, then, example by the dark chief, and be happy !

*Darby.* Make your mind easy, brother Ben-ni-long ! Devil a bit shall my blacker half here want a murphy while I have one ; and I'll be mighty loving, never fear me.

*Ben.* 'Tis well, I will believe you—sister, if you will quit the customs of your tribe, the hunt, the combat, the canoe, to be the whiteman's bride, and live in peace, count still on the protection of a brother ; Ben-ni-long cannot alter ; his love and care must ever be the same !

*Kan.* Then we are safe:—no harm can happen to Kangaree's white lord, if Ben-ni-long friend.

*Ben.* Thou'rt right, wench; what lord in all Australia can vie with Ben-ni-long! Who, when he claims the *Gna-noong* tribute, would dare refuse to yield a tooth in token of obedience!

*Darby.* No one, I'd be bound for that; you'd be going at it tooth and nail, if they did.

*Ben.* For your sakes, friends, I'll be at peace with England, will yield my lawful claims to this fair isle; nor, though they have usurp'd my rights and privileges, war on the white man more:—this grasp confirms it.

[*takes Gooseberry's hand.*]

*Goose.* Signing a treaty of peace, what would they say to this at the Cheshire Cheese? it would make that Bob Sykes look about him, to see me turn plenipotentiary and enter into preliminaries with a real earnest black Prince: but come, this settled, we'll be off.

*Ben.* Aye! now warriors!

*Amelia.* Stay! some one comes! Can it be possible!  
[*enter Frederic hastily, L.—*] My brother!

*Fred.* Have I then found you! sister! my friend!—how anxiously I've sought you!

*Amelia.* That pallid, anxious look! surely no fatal accident!—

*Fred.* Eliza—unfortunate girl!—

*Goose.* What, my sister-in-law!

*Fred.* She has fallen into the hands of the Bush-rangers, and, unless I can raise five hundred dollars—

*Goose.* Raise five hundred dollars! brother-in-law! A mere trifle! we'll let you have it directly, won't we, Mrs. G., my love: very hard if we couldn't do such a thing as that for a relation, when he wants it. We must make our old dad stump up for it, by and bye; it will be all in the family, you know!

*Fred.* Mrs. G.! family! What mean you?

*Goose.* Oh lord! I forgot you didn't know! the fact is we've been merely following your example, Mely and I: getting married—that's all, 'ent it, Mrs. G. my love?

*Amelia.* I believe so—Mr. G.

*Goose.* Yes! no fear of the snakes now!—the dollars shall be yours directly, brother Fred—aye, and any thing else you want. We may get into the Bush, and want a friend ourselves, one of these days: there's no knowing!

*Fred.* This is true friendship! I congratulate you, sister, on the union that gives me such a brother!—now for Eliza!

*Goose.* Stay! here's somebody else coming! who is this? [*Enter Eliza hastily, L.*

*Eliza.* Good people, if ever—ha! Frederic!

*Fred.* Great heaven's! Eliza's self!

[*they rush into each other's arms.*

*Goose.* Mrs. G.!—I must embrace you, my dear, if its only for sympathy! how tender these things do make one! [*Embraces Amelia.*

*Fred.* By what unhop'd for miracle—

*Eliza.* I have no breath for explanation!—escaped by miracle, I've only time to tell you your father's life's in danger; the Bush-rangers—

*Fred.* Ha!—the monsters!

*Eliza.* There is a horrid plan to rob and murder him—this night: perhaps this hour!—this moment!—

*Fred.* Let's haste! I'll hazard life! you, friends—

*Darby.* We'll all lend a hand, sir: leave an Irishman alone for that.

*Goose.* Aye, aye, I'll go; I wish I'd have happened to have been married a day or two, though—if one had known a liddle something about it, one might'nt have minded so much, being popp'd off!—however, come along.

*Ben.* Stay, you know not what you do! he who would cope with the Bush-rangers, must have the fox's cunning, the lion's courage, and the tiger's strength: leave all to Ben-ni-long; he and his warriors are fit match for them! he owes them deep revenge,—they've fired upon our helpless women, despoiled our tents; we have wished long to meet them,—Ben-ni-long has sworn aid and friendship to you, and he will keep his word!—follow—but cautiously and silently.

WHISPERING CHORUS.—OMNES.

*From "Obi."*

Soft through the bush-wood stealing,

No print our steps revealing,

Let caution guard the way;

The Bush-rangers are near us,

Fell Michael Howe may hear us,

Hush! to revenge away!

Follow, follow, follow! &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes, L.—stealing off cautiously.*



SCENE IV.—*Grove of Peppermint and Mimosa Trees.*

*Enter SERJEANT and SOLDIERS marching, BEDIA preceding, searching, L.*

*Serj.* Halt! No signs of the rascals yet!

*Bedia.* No massa red coat! white man Bush-ranger no leave his foot in the grass at all here.

*Serj.* Well, my lads, day's fairly done, now, so beat the retreat, and let's off to the barracks to bed! [*retreat is beat.*] Now then, march!

*Bedia.* Stay! massa soldier white man; Bedia hear steps come, Ah! it woman's!

*Serj.* Well, I declare I didn't hear it! I shouldn't have wondered at her being so quick if it had been a man's foot; but a woman's, it is surprizing! faith, she's right!

[*Enter Agatha, R*

What can this woman want here, and at this hour! [*Agatha is crossing off.*] Halt!

*Agatha.* Soldiers! confusion!

[*aside.*

*Serj.* Your name and business! who are you? where are you going to?

*Agatha.* [*aside.*] I dare not!—cannot answer!

*Serj.* What! do you hesitate! seize her! make her come forward. Let's see! if we cant hear!—[*they force her forward.*] Ha! who do I see, Agatha Mortlake! a run-away convict, companion of the object of our search, the murderer Michael Howe! You are our prisoner, woman!

*Agatha.* [*aside.*] Death to my hopes! fatal rencontre!

*Serj.* Only one thing can save you! disclose the haunt of this fell miscreant; enable us to seize him—and you're free—you're pardoned.

*Agatha.* [*aside.*] Betray him! yet, a free pardon, the chance of sparing Robin's soul another crime—the poor girl, too! I'll not do good by halves,—your offer I accept, follow me, and e'er an hour is past, I'll put the monster in your power!

*Serj.* Hurrah! Forwards, and look sharp, lads; now on woman, and see that you attempt not to deceive us, we have an eye on you, march! [*Exeunt Omnes, L.*

SCENE V.—*Interior of Hardy's Log-hut, as before; a practicable window on one side; large practicable chimney at the back; several large chests marked 'stores'*



*about the stage ; Hardy discovered sitting (R.—) in a rude sort of arm chair—Wildgorse in attendance.*

*Hardy.* Married, my daughter married, say you, Robin ?

*Wild.* Yes, sir ! so of course I didn't press her to leave ; one couldn't well expect she'd come away to night, you know, sir.

*Hardy.* And my consent unasked ? all—all, then, have forsaken me ;—kin, friends, the world ! but have I not forsaken something, too ? my native isle—my father land, my mother country—should I then wonder that my children leave me ?

*Wild.* He does not move ! should Michael come, and it is near the hour—how can I get him off ? *[aside.]*

*Hardy.* That headstrong boy, that Frederic ! and the girl !—perhaps I have been hasty—harsh ! could she be innocent ? no, no, the proofs were but too strong.

*Wild.* Very strong, indeed ! the things were found in her box, you know, sir ! at least so papers said, and they tell every thing !

*Hardy.* Why, aye, the press ! the press—that, 'tis gives England its preponderance, its proud preeminence o'er all the nations of the earth ; the press of England is a blessing that almost more than compensates for all the wrongs endured by her,—while that exists, I feel, howe'er I may lament her errors, her privations, Old England ne'er can falter, ne'er can fall !

*Wild.* Hum ! press be no rogue's friend, though ; and be a little too free, I think. If it had'nt been for press, I should'nt have been here ! those plaguey police reports get every body their own ! *[aside.]* What you say be all very true, sir, but it be growing late-ish, shall I see you to your room, sir,—night air's cold !

*Hardy.* Nay, sleep is not my friend ! I'll wait till weariness gives some assurance rest will not longer fly me !

*Wild.* *[aside.]* I must somehow get him off !

*Hardy.* This isle is not so faultless as I deemed it. if there's no turnpikes, there appears toll takers—if there's no tythes, we lose more than our tenths ! our rum and stores most strangely have been visited !

*Wild.* Oh, lord ! *[aside.]* Ah, 'tis the monkies, sir, they're very cunning here.

*Hardy.* They must be, to accomplish what they do ! no locks can hold against them, no hiding place escape them.

*Wild.* No—or I'm not so good a smith as I think I am !  
 now for one of my drowsiest ditties to lull him off; he  
 yawns, he'll not be long. [*aside.*]

SNATCH.—ROBIN.

AIR.—“ *Virginia Lads !*”

These buxom young lasses they led me astray,  
 My work I forsook more and more, every day,  
 And for to maintain them went on the highway,  
 Till at length I got lagg'd to Van Diemen's.

*While Robin is singing this stave, Yel-lo-way, one of the  
 Natives, descends the chimney in back.*

He nods—another stave, and he will be secure !

SNATCH.—ROBIN.

AIR.—“ *Oh, Cruel !*”

Oh ! cruel was the constable, that in the cage put me !  
 And cruel was the gaoler too, that turned on me the key !  
 And cruel was the prosecutor, who'd not let me go !  
 But wished me to be hang'd, not caring if I lik'd or no.

Oh ! cruel were the witnesses, who swore unto the fact !  
 And cruel were the counsel, who produc'd the fatal act !  
 And cruel were the jury, who the verdict guilty gave !  
 And cruel was the judge, who would'nt, 'cause he could'nt, save !

[*During the time Robin is singing this, Hardy gradually  
 dozes off. Yel-lo-way opens the window, Ben-ni-long  
 and natives enter, and remain in back ground concealed.*]

*Wild.* He's off, he's sound—he may sleep sounder soon  
 —would Michael Howe were here. I have a weight upon  
 my mind,—Stephen ! let me not think of him—Agatha,  
 too. I must drive away these thoughts.—

SNATCH.—WILDGORSE.

AIR.—“ *For 'tis now.*”

I am a brisk and sprightly blade,  
 And always in the ale-house boozing ;  
 The landlady proves kind to me,  
 While the landlord he is soundly snoozing.

Tow ! row ! row !  
 Take me, while I'm in the humour ;  
 For tis NOW !

[*While this is singing, Ben-ni-long, &c. conceal themselves in the chests, &c. about the room ; the lid of one of the chests falls heavily.*] What's that? fool, fool! A mouse perchance! that every trifling chance should start me thus: [*tapping heard at the window.*] Ha! 'tis Michael! Let me see that the old man is safe, yes,—now for it, come in, boys—softly—gently—not a word!—a movement!

CHORUS.—OMNES.

AIR.—“ *Hadyn's Surprise.*”

Softly tread, the coast is clear,—  
 The old man unsuspecting sleeps ;  
 Gently, boys,—our prize is here ;  
 Soon we'll seize his shining heaps.  
 See, these chests his treasures hold,  
 Safe secur'd from prying eyes!—  
 Seize them, boys, be wise and bold,  
 Here's no fear of a SURPRISE !

[*During the singing of this chorus, Wildgorse lets in Michael Howe, &c. they steal cautiously about to the chests, open them, and are seized by Indians, who leap out—Tableau of astonishment !*

Howe. Confusion, the natives! surprized!

Hardy. [*awaking.*] Great heavens! what means all this?

Howe. We are betrayed, entrapped! you, villain, have deceived us! take your reward! [*fires at Wildgorse.*] Now then, have at them, boys.

[*Wildgorse staggers to back of stage.*

[*Desperate combat between Michael Howe and the Bush-rangers, and Ben-ni-long and Natives! Natives are at last beat back, and as Howe, &c. are forcing Hardy off, Frederic, Gooseberry, and Darby, rush in at door, L.*

[*Combat renewed,—Frederic releases his father, and protects him; Ben-ni-long and Natives rally,—Darby fights with Howe, disarms, and seizes him. Gooseberry is vanquished by Whitehead.—Frederic and Natives are about being overpowered by the others, when*

*Agatha, Serjeant and Military, followed by Eliza, Amelia, and Kangaree enter, R. Soldiers present their pieces at the Bush-rangers—who surrender.*

*Howe.* Taken at last, lost beyond all hope! Well, well, for years this end has been my daily thought, my nightly dream! and now that it has come at last, I'll give it welcome with my curses. I'll die, as I have lived, a gay, bold villain!—Agatha, my betrayer! that's retribution, for I had doom'd her death!—lead on—and do your worst! gibbet and mangle me, scatter my ashes, trample me to dust, you cannot wholly crush me! I shall defy you still! despite your utmost striving, for ages, gossip crones and listening childhood shall, hearing, own my power, and tremble at the name of Michael Howe! now dogs—away!

*[Is borne off by soldiers, with other Bush-rangers.]*

*Serj.* Impenitent villain! *[to Darby.]* You are entitled, my brave fellow, to the reward! one hundred guineas, and, as a convict, to the King's free pardon.

*Darby.* Hurrah! I'm forgiven for what I never did, and sure but that isn't luck.

*[Wildgorse groans in back ground.]*

*Agatha.* That groan!

*Hardy.* Instantly search! some of our friends, perhaps—

*[Agatha finds Wildgorse.]*

*Agatha.* Great heaven's! what do I see? Wildgorse! Bleeding! dying!—

*Fred.* Bear him this way! some help may—

*Wild.* No, no, it is too late; who's this? ah, Agatha! oh, woman's faith! thou star from heaven, form'd for the storm and night, what gloom can shut thee out, what danger quench thee? Agatha! bless thee, bless thee!—Ah, there's another! Mercy, Eliza White!—thou comest to give evidence! thou art too late.—I am condemned—to death!—yes, Stephen waits for me, but I'll confess—'tis no use hiding now—thou'rt innocent, 'twas I that did it.—

*Fred.* Ha! what say'st thou? oh, as thou hop'st for mercy, stop not now.

*Eliza.* Repeat the blessed sounds! I'll ever pray for thee!

*Wild.* Oh, I grow faint! come near—old man! where art thou? let me do justice! know'st thou not Matthew Kendal? under that name you had me once as porter; I did not serve you long—



*Hardy.* 'Twas even so, I can remember now !

*Wild.* I gain'd a knowledge of your house—had false keys made—I robbed it—and—ah, life ebbs from me apace—

*Eliza.* Oh, if you would have mercy—speak, the rest—  
—you——

*Wild.* 'Twas I that put the things within your trunk—'twas I—ah, Stephen glares on me—thou'rt innocent—he beckons me—Agatha, master, bless you; ah!—I come—mercy—forgive, I,——Agatha——Agatha——

[*Sinks into Agatha's arms—and is borne off by her.*]

*Hardy.* My children, Eliza, Frederic, Amelia—  
you too, son—[*to Gooseberry.*]

*Goose.* Yes, father-in-law ?

*Hardy.* Can you forgive,—forget,—and share my blessing and my fortune with me ?

*Goose.* Lord bless you, I would'nt harm a worm—unless it injured the spring crops.

*Fred.* Dear sir, this moment makes amends for all.—

*Eliza.* Right still rewards itself ! by hastening here, sir, to save your life, I've clear'd my honour—dearer far than life. I wish no other recompense.

*Amelia.* I'm glad all our troubles are over before the honey moon begins; one may stand some chance of the flitch, perhaps !

*Darby.* Fait ! but I shall only die with pleasure now.

*Kan.* Kangaree no die at all—she black girl, and live for you, massa husband.

*Ben.* Ben-ni-long joys he sees you all in concord !—

*Hardy.* Now, we will home again; "England, with all faults, we love thee still !"—We'll leave Van Diemen's Land,—the Exile's refuge, and the outcast's home,—fit offspring of a mother like Great Britain, to those more destitute.—Unless compelled by fortune, forced by fate—no true born Englishman should ever quit his native Land !

### MEDLEY FINALE.—OMNES.

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AIR.—" *Barbadoes Bells.*"

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*Amelia.*

All o'er—trials fairly past,  
And clear'd the clouds that late o'ercast,  
Joy and peace return at last,  
In Van Diemen's Land.

If the while, you but smile,  
 Every care and pain repaying;  
 We but toil, to beguile,  
 And gain your *helping hand* !  
 Come, then, let's dance and sing,  
 Sorrow to the winds let's fling !  
 Soon the skies with joy shall ring,  
 In Van Diemen's Land.

*Gooseberry.*

AIR.—“ *In Town I was a Clerk so gay.*”

And let me beg, you'll kindly hear,  
 Jemmy Gooseberry, settler !  
 From London I've located here,  
 And married this fair prattler,  
 Settled here, 'tis who but we !  
 But if you frown on our glee,  
 We shall quite *unsettled* be,  
 T'will be such a nettler ?

*Darby.*

AIR.—“ *Pat was a darling Boy.*”

And pardon poor Darby, oeh hone !  
 Though I a *few notes* ehanc'd to smuggle,  
 I'd much better left them alone,  
 For sure 'twas a queer sort of juggle !  
 My happiness don't go to check,  
 With the black fair I've wedded and courted,  
 Let me hang round the swate creatures' neck,  
 By the powers I'll still be transported !  
 Oh, oh, oh ! Darby's her darling boy !

*Eliza.*

AIR.—“ *There's nae Luck about the house* ”

And let me, too, for favour sue,  
 Your kind support pray grant,  
 Acquitted of all fault by you,  
 No greater bliss I want !  
 For there's no luck about the house,  
 Our means indeed were scant,  
 There is no luck about the house,  
 If your applause we want.

OMNES.—“ *Barbadoes Bells.*”

Come, then, let's dance and sing,  
 Sorrow to the winds let's fling,  
 Soon the skies with mirth shall ring,  
 In Van Diemen's Land.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE  
 FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

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